Pioneering in Tibet

ALBERT L. SHELTON

Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

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ALBERT L. SHELTON, M.D.

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Pioneering in Tibet.

A Personal Record of Life and Experience in Mission Fields

By 1875–1922.
ALBERT L. SHELTON, ~~M.D.~~

TC
Tibet. Missions

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Dedicated
TO THOSE WHO DIED
IN THE FIGHT

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FOREWORD TO THE FOURTH EDITION

On March 4, 1922, the sad message came to the United Christian Missionary Society in St. Louis that Dr. Albert Leroy Shelton had been killed on February 17, near Batang, by Tibetan bandits. Subsequent letters brought the news that he had started on a preparatory journey to Gartok, to see the governor regarding his longer proposed journey of healing and mercy to Lhassa. The messenger of the governor had turned him back, and while coming through a pass, and only half a day's journey from Batang, he was shot from his horse by hidden Tibetan robbers. As soon as the news was received at the Mission, the missionaries hurried to his side and he was carried to his own hospital in Batang, where he died within a few hours. Mrs. Shelton was in India when she received the news of the tragedy, where she had gone to superintend the printing of Christian literature in the Tibetan tongue.

Dr. Shelton's death profoundly moved Christian people throughout the world. The call was issued for volunteers to take his place, and out of the numbering offering themselves, seven young people were chosen. They started for the field in the fall of 1923, and after almost eight months of difficult journeying, reached Batang in May, 1924.

The churches of the Disciples of Christ have raised a memorial fund of more than one hundred thousand dollars to help perpetuate the loving memory of Dr. Shelton. This fund is to be used for an orphanage at Batang, the opening of a new station somewhere on the Tibetan border, and other purposes dear to the heart of Dr. Shelton.

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I

GETTING READY

I WAS born in Indianapolis, Indiana, 9th day of June, 1875. When I was about five years old my parents moved to Kansas, so that I have no recollection of Indiana at that time at all except being in a boat one day with my father, and another time seeing a blacksmith shop.

I do remember, however, our arrival in Kansas, when my father, who had gone through in a wagon, came down to meet my mother and us two children. Fred was then just a baby.

We lived near Pawnee, in Bourbon County, where I first started to school. After two years there we moved out to Harper County, down by Ruella, where we lived for some five years.

During these years I went to school to different teachers. The first school which I attended was taught by one of the home girls, who was only about sixteen years old. She had in school five or six boys who were about ten or eleven years old and who, knowing her so well, were rather hard to control.

One day she had told us we were not to go near the creek, which was near the schoolhouse, but five of us slipped off and went in swimming. Time passed very much more rapidly than we had thought during the noon hour, and the first intimation that it was over was seeing her standing on a little rise about one hundred yards from the creek and ringing the bell.

There was considerable difficulty in getting clothes on

to wet bodies with what we considered requisite speed. However, it was accomplished and we returned to the schoolhouse some ten minutes late.

The teacher was very stern and she called one of the larger girls, to whom it was an exceedingly great pleasure, to go out and get some switches. We considered that she got them unnecessarily large. However, be that as it may, the teacher lined the five of us up on the floor. We thought our day had come but the first boy in line saved us. She had made up her mind to give us a good thrashing. When she drew back the switch the boy let out a tremendous yell which frightened her and so took from her her presence of mind that she only gave him four licks. As she had only given him four licks she could only give the rest of us four licks, so we got off easily.

My father wasn't so easily frightened, however, as he had promised that every time we got a thrashing in school we'd get another when we got home. This promise he very faithfully kept.

Another teacher was Mr. Titus, afterward Senator from the district.

After some two years in Harper County, and when I was about eleven or twelve years of age, we moved again. This time we all went in a covered wagon from Harper County to Grant County, a distance of about two hundred miles. It was great fun for us children. We had four horses to the wagon and just before leaving my uncle completed my happiness by giving me a little Flobert rifle and a thousand rounds of ammunition. So far as I could see there was nothing else to wish for in this life, and under my father's direction I was allowed to shoot morning and night at such things as might be available around camp.

After arriving in Grant County we located on a Homestead eleven miles to the northeast of Ulysses, a very beautiful country, perfectly level, covered with a solid mat of buffalo grass, and not a tree within many miles.

During the years spent on this Homestead I was growing very rapidly and took a share of the work. One of my jobs was to haul water. We could not afford a well, as it was some two hundred and fifty feet to water and cost a great deal of money to dig, so I hauled water from Conductor, a little town some six miles to the west, where there was a township well.

I drove two oxen and hauled the water in five barrels, placing them in the bed of the wagon. There were a great many other people who hauled water from this place also, and sometimes there would be as many as twenty or thirty wagons filled with barrels waiting for water, and many times there would be races to see who would get to the well first. It is not easy racing with an ox team but it can be done.

My avocation those days was killing rattlesnakes. There were a great many and I saved all the rattles, at one time having a cigar box full.

Another thing at which I spent a great deal of time and which was the means of enabling me to earn some money, was the killing of gophers, ground squirrels, skunks, coyotes, and jack-rabbits, on all of which there was a bounty from five cents on the smaller game to a dollar on the coyotes.

There were one or two occasions when I took my scalps to town on Saturday and to bring my father home after his week's work in town at carpentry, on which my earnings for the week were equal to those of my father, which made me very proud.

There were antelopes and wild horses all around the

country, too, for the first two or three years. The herd of eleven wild horses which grazed near our place were all caught during the first two years we were there, with the exception of three.

These three consisted of the black stallion that led the herd, one buckskin and one bay mare. These were the best of the herd and, because they were the best, people were the more anxious to catch them.

An outfit finally came from Texas for the express purpose of catching these three. They ran them for three days and nights without ceasing, changing horses many times until finally the stallion was caught. He had been shot formerly in an attempt to crease him and he was no good, as his wind was broken.

The buckskin mare was lassoed, and six months afterward would come at call to any place on the range and was a most excellent animal.

The bay mare would never give up. She ran and ran for some hours after the other two had succumbed and, while still running at full speed, fell down dead.

During these years it was necessary in going to school to walk some four miles. In the winter time we had to get up before daylight and start just as soon as it became light in order to get there on time.

We finally got a little school not far from home in a dugout, taught by one of the neighbour girls.

After some years in that part of Grant County, we moved over west of Ulysses, about seven miles from town.

I had also spent one or two winters in Ulysses in school, which had given me a greater desire than I had ever had before to attend school.

I attended the Teachers' Normal Institutes during the summer and the winter after I was seventeen, taught my first school down in Morton County, about twenty-five

miles from home. I would go home perhaps once a month, walking after four o'clock on Friday afternoon.

I am first and above all a product of my friends. I have been made by them, and during these early school years my life was influenced greatly by the teachers whom I had, most of them men and women of an exceedingly high type.

I cannot refrain from mentioning one in particular, Miss Preston, who was my teacher during one winter that I spent at Anthony, Kansas. It was at this time that I went back to my grandmother's for the purpose of going to school.

I spent the year following my first year in teaching, clerking for my uncle in Leoti, Scott County. There I was blessed with another great influence in my life, my uncle and his good wife.

I taught again the following winter in Ulysses, our County Seat, but this was to be my last school, and the fall I was twenty, that is, in 1895, I went away to Emporia to school. It was a great undertaking and no one knew what would be the outcome.

When I reached Emporia I had $9.25. That lasted me for eight years. During the following years while I was in Emporia, I carried the *Kansas City Star,* I did janitor work, I cut corn, I took care of cows, I took care of furnaces for some of the professors, and after I had finished the course in mathematics, I did a great deal of tutoring for Professor Bailey.

During these strenuous years, in 1898, the war with Spain came on. Against the advice of friends and professors I enlisted in Company H of the 22nd Kansas, which company consisted of students from the three State institutions.

We never got farther than Camp Alger, but it was good experience, and we were mustered out within about six months of enlistment.

I went back to school with about one hundred dollars in money, which I had saved, as I remember. I put it in the First National Bank for safe keeping on Friday and on Monday the president shot himself, the bank having failed. However, I was in no worse condition than I had always been.

The following spring, while still in school, I got two days leave of absence and went down to Parsons and got married. The young lady was Miss Flo Beal, whom I had met the previous year at the State Normal.

When we got back to Emporia on the evening train there were four hundred students who had, in some mysterious way, heard of our marriage, and were waiting for the train. Amongst them were three or four of my former comrades in Company H, armed with a blanket, and they proceeded to blanket me right there on the platform.

This blanketing consists of throwing the person some ten or twelve feet in the air and letting him fall back on the blanket. They succeeded, however, in letting me fall out of the blanket and I was momentarily stunned, but no damage was done. That night, after eating up all the wedding cake Mrs. Shelton had brought and embarrassing us to the limit of their ability, they showed their hearty good will by presenting us with two lovely rocking-chairs in which we are still sitting.

Perhaps the greatest influence of my life during the years in Emporia was Professor Iden, now in Michigan University at Ann Arbor. He inspired all "Upper Room" boys with the highest ideals of life, and gave them the determination to make their lives count in the world.

The year following my marriage, near the middle of the year, I obtained through President Taylor a scholarship in the medical department of Kentucky University. I was, however, unable to take advantage of it owing to my financial condition.

Mr. C. A. Boyle, superintendent of the buildings and grounds for whom I was doing janitor work, said to me one day, "Well, Shelly, what you going to do about that Medical School?" I replied, "Well, Boss, it isn't any use thinkin' about it because it can't be done."

That afternoon he came into the little room where I was and laid a check for one hundred dollars on my table, and said, "Now get out of here. I don't want to see you around any more."

It touched me very deeply. I told him that I could offer no security and that I might not be able to pay it back. He said, "Who's talking about security? Get out and go on and be quick about it."

I went, leaving Mrs. Shelton to finish the school year.

During the following summer I worked in the harvest field with the threshing machine and, when that work was finished, went to Wyoming as worker on a railroad construction gang. When I had drawn my pay I went at once to the post-office and bought an order for the balance still owing Mr. Boyle.

When I had done so I had no money with which to go home. There was only sufficient for a few meals. I made arrangements with a brakeman to travel in a coal-car with twenty other tramps.

After arriving in Denver I was put, by the next brakeman, in the ice-box of a refrigerator car, the most cramped position I ever held. After a day and night in this I was forced to come out and consequently got put off the train.

I finally arrived at Ellsworth, Kansas, and walked the sixty miles across to Hutchinson, where I found an old friend and borrowed enough money to get home.

But the big thing was done—I was out of debt again.

The four years in Medical College were perhaps as difficult as had been the former four years. I, however, partly made my way by tutoring in chemistry some of the boys who were deficient in that branch.

During two years of the time that I was in Medical College Mrs. Shelton taught school, as she had been doing for some years before our marriage.

During these early years I had a desire to be a preacher, but I had decided that I wasn't good enough to be a preacher, so I had decided to be a doctor, the alternative as I thought, and the next best thing by which to live a life of usefulness.

I had also, through friends in college and otherwise, especially Professor and Mrs. Kelly and through H. P. Scott, a former Normal Institute instructor, and others, made up my mind to be a missionary. I had applied, during my third year in Medical College, for an appointment to the Foreign Christian Missionary Society in Cincinnati. The reply to my application had been to go on and finish my college work first and then they would see.

Three months before I graduated I again applied, with the result that after asking for references to whom they could write, the Society informed me, through A. McLean, that it would be impossible to send out any more men that year.

This was a great disappointment, but couldn't be helped. I therefore formed a partnership with Dr. J. H. Henson, of Mound Valley, with whom I had worked the previous year.

II

GOING

I WAS not, however, to get to practice again with Dr. Henson because a few days before graduation I received another letter from Mr. McLean, president of the Foreign Society, asking me to come to Cincinnati for a personal conference. I went.

Mr. McLean handed me a note asking me if I could take it out to Dr. Kilgour, which I did.

Dr. Kilgour made a thorough physical examination of me and sent a note something after this fashion back to Mr. McLean. "If this man's qualifications in other lines are as good as they are physically, he'll be all right, because he's certainly the best animal I've seen in a long time."

Mr. McLean again asked me if I could amuse myself by going out to the Zoo till seven o'clock in the evening. I told him I could take care of myself all right until seven o'clock, which was the time at which the Executive Committee was to meet.

I came in and found there another young man, Mr. Roberts. I asked him where he was thinking of going and he said he was going to Tibet with Dr. Rijnhart. I was pretty much scared to death when I went in before the committee. Every eye in the room seemed to be boring a hole through me and the questions they asked and the answers which I had to give, led me to believe that my chances of appointment were not greater than the proverbial snowball.

I went out into the hall when they had finished with me and said to Roberts, "Well, I guess I had just as well be going. There will be no chance for me." He said, "Wait a little anyhow."

A few minutes later they all filed out. Mr. McLean came over, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Well, Doctor, you're going to China."

It was a great transition. One incident especially, during this time, impressed itself upon my mind. It was the question of Mr. F. M. Rains, Secretary of the Foreign Society.

He said in his own way, "Well, Doctor, what ever made you want to be a missionary anyhow?" After talking for some time, when I was leaving, taking my hand in his, putting one hand on my shoulder, he said, "Well, don't get discouraged. Remember the Lord's not dead yet." These words have been a source of constant courage and strength through all the years.

Shortly before time for our sailing I received a letter from Mr. Rains in which he stated that for two years the Society had been looking for some one to go to Tibet with Dr. Rijnhart, but had been unable to find any one and they wanted to ask Mrs. Shelton and myself whether we would consider it.

We talked it over and, as the letter was to be answered by wire, drove over to the railroad station from Mrs. Shelton's home, where we were visiting, and sent the answer that we would be glad to go.

In September, 1903, we began our journey. Arriving at San Francisco we met Dr. Rijnhart for the first time.

Dr. Rijnhart had created a great deal of interest in Tibet by her speaking, after her return from the journey into that country. During this time she had lost her baby, her husband had disappeared and she had been

left alone in that far land to make her way back as best she could to civilization.

Her story was pronounced to be the most thrilling account of missionary work in recent times.

Two or three days before the ship *China,* on which we were going, was to sail, it was thought that as there was no minister in the party, it was best that I be ordained, which ceremony was conducted by Mr. Walter M. White, assisted by some of the other brethren in San Francisco.

The journey across the Pacific was, of course, very wonderful to us young people from far inland. We enjoyed it and I learned on this ship the sure cure for seasickness, but whether or not this cure has ever been patented I am unable to say. Mr. Madden, of Japan, who was on the boat, in trying to console Mrs. Shelton, would go by on his trips around the deck, furiously chewing gum, with the remark in passing, "The only way to keep from getting seasick is to keep going and chew gum."

In passing once, however, it was noticed that he had to very hastily remove his gum from his mouth and step to the railing. When asked what he was doing he replied, "Just making my little contribution to the fishes," repossessed himself of his gum and went on his way.

The impressions in Japan were terrible. We saw the women doing the work which we had seen only men do in America. The first sight of these things makes an impression that is indelible.

The other sight in Japan that made the greatest impression on me was the Stars and Stripes floating from the flagstaff of the Consulate.

On arriving in Shanghai it was necessary to stop for a few days in preparation for the trip through China. Dr. Rijnhart had remained over in Japan for one steamer to do some speaking.

At length, however, we were ready and took the boat for Nanking, the seat of the largest work of our Central China Mission.

Here we met Dr. Macklin and Mr. Meigs, as well as all the other members of our China Mission. Mr. Meigs was exceedingly helpful in that he furnished us with two men who were indispensable. One was Mr. Yang, who went as a Chinese evangelist, and the other was "Johnny," who went as our cook.

Soon we were off again and now we were really started. The trip to Hankow was without special incident. Our missionaries at Wuhu came down to see us. At Hankow it was necessary to change from the large down-river steamers to the small up-river steamers for Ichang.

Arrival at Ichang put an end to all rapid transportation, as at that time no steamers were going farther up-river. Here the mode of travel had to be changed entirely.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ammundson of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Dr. Rijnhart, Mrs. Shelton and myself secured a large house-boat on which all of our belongings were placed, including Mr. Ammundson's stock of Scriptures for opening the work of the Bible Society in Yunnan Province.

Then began, perhaps, the most memorable part of the whole journey, the trip up through the gorges of the Upper Yangtze and the long journey into Chungking. This part of the journey took us about a month.

Our house-boat was pulled by about forty coolies, walking along the shore and pulling on a large bamboo rope.

These coolies, it seemed to me, were the most miserable people that I had ever seen. Some of them had scarcely

any clothing at all, and the little they had was ragged and dirty. Some of them had festering wounds, but were still compelled to go on and on day after day doing this work.

The head man would go along the shore with a piece of bamboo rope, which he used as a whip, and it was in China that I first saw human beings struck as we use a whip on an ox to make him work harder.

I did what I could at nights or at meal times for those who were ill or who had wounds, and had I been two men instead of one, one would have stayed to minister to those thousands of coolies up and down this river.

Arriving in Chungking, we were very graciously taken in by Dr. and Mrs. McCartney of the American Methodist Mission. After a short stay we were on again for the last stage of the river journey, only another three weeks or a little more to Kiating.

Mr. and Mrs. Ammundson left us at Suifu.

At Kiating we stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Ririe of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Ririe, who was a very quiet man, during the next few days could be seen occasionally chuckling to himself, and when asked what was amusing him would say that he was seeing a boy eating pumpkin pie, the story of which Mrs. Shelton had told him a day or two before. The boy had said that he always hated to eat pumpkin pie because it always got his ears so dirty.

It was here that we met our first Tibetan. He was the King of Tachienlu, on his way to Chentu, the capital of the Province.

He had come down with Mr. Sorensen, who had come to Kiating to get married.

The King was suffering from some sort of minor ailment and he asked Mr. Sorensen to have me come over to see him. It was thus that I had my first Tibetan

patient, and thus was begun a friendship which has lasted throughout all these years.

From here our mode of travel had to be changed once more. All our goods were transferred from the boat to bamboo rafts, and they were to go on for the next stage of the journey to Yachow.

It was at Kiating that we first heard that war had been declared between Japan and Russia. Before going on farther into the interior, it was deemed advisable that I should go up to the capital, Chentu, and find out whether or not this war was likely to affect the internal conditions of China.

It was here also that we met Mr. Endicott, of the Canadian Methodist Mission, and who has since become the General Secretary.

When we arrived at Yachow we met Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of the Baptist Mission. There we had a few days' rest getting ready for the last stage of the journey.

We had now been on the way since the latter part of September, and at this time it was early March. It was very gratifying indeed to have this bit of rest and to hear Mr. Taylor sing. His classic was "Clementine," which Mrs. Shelton, who was playing for him, had never heard before. But it broke up the meeting when the "roses growing over her grave were fertilized by Clementine." Mrs. Shelton was feeling rather sorrowful over Clementine but, before the close of the verse, she simply stopped playing and turned and looked at Mr. Taylor with astonishment written all over her face. This marked the end of the concert.

A few days later we started into the mountains. All our baggage and boxes were on men's backs, ourselves in sedan chairs, being carried by men. This was too much

for me. I didn't mind having people work for me, but to be carried by them was just a little too much, so I had the chair carried along, but I walked most of the way.

Some of the passes, though not exceedingly high, not more than nine or ten thousand feet, were very difficult, being covered with snow and ice.

The misery and suffering endured by the tea carriers, who carried great loads of tea, sometimes as many as twenty bundles of fifteen pounds each, over the mountains of Yachow to Tachienlu were very great. Some of them were old men, who had been carrying for years, and could now carry only a few bundles. Some were young men in their prime, who carried the heaviest loads. Some were young boys, not more than twelve or fourteen years old, trudging along with their fathers, carrying a few bundles.

I saw one man who had become ill and had lain down in the road and died there. He lay there until he became a nuisance, when he was taken a few feet back from the side of the road and buried. The other coolies who came along had simply walked around him or stepped over him and gone on.

I think my greatest trial was to see the utter indifference to human suffering and the cheapness of human life in the Orient.

At last, after seven days, we were within one day of Tachienlu, and on the morrow we would arrive.

III

WHAT WE FOUND

THE next morning we were out bright and early and on our way. The last day's journey was a continuous climb from an altitude of less than three thousand feet to eight thousand five hundred feet, along the rolling river which comes down from Tachienlu.

After we had had dinner at the half-way place we were on again, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, in a heavy snow-storm, we were met by Mr. Moyes, who had come out a mile or two to meet us.

It was not until this time that we realized that a romance was in the air. Mr. Moyes had been the first white person Dr. Rijnhart had met on her escape from Tibet some years before, after having lost her husband and child, and he told me afterward that when he met her, although she was dressed in dirty sheepskin clothes and was almost black from exposure, as soon as he saw her, without even knowing who she was or from whence she came, he knew that she was the one who would be his wife.

Mr. Moyes had very kindly rented for us in advance a Tibetan inn. The floors of this inn were covered with dirt inches thick which he had had taken out with a shovel. He had papered two rooms in which we were to live for some time. We at once set about trying to rent a house, which with his help was accomplished in a short time, and then began the process of remodelling, which

was very difficult, as I could speak but very few words of Chinese.

I secured a teacher from Chentu and we began the study of Chinese. It is necessary for workers on the border of Tibet to know both Chinese and Tibetan.

After some months our house was ready for occupancy and we moved into the place which we were to occupy for nearly five years. We were very comfortable but had no stove. All our warming, and the winters are very cold, had to be done with charcoal brasiers.

Mrs. Shelton became quite ill while we were staying at the inn, but as spring came on she improved very rapidly and was again well by the time we moved into our new quarters.

Dr. Rijnhart began at once her work with the Chinese and Tibetan women. She had brought with her from Kiating a young girl, Manyin, who was to be her companion and helper in the work. Dr. Rijnhart was greatly needed in this place, for there was no doctor nearer than Yachow, eight days away.

I had intended to do no medical work for some time, but to give my full time to study. This, however, was impossible, as there were cases that must be attended to in a surgical way at once. Many cases of frost bites and consequent gangrene were coming in at this time, sword cuts, gunshot wounds, and attempted suicides by opium were all things that could not be let go, so it was necessary that I combine work with study.

Shortly after we had occupied our home it became necessary to rent a place for the medical work and for a preaching shop and for a school. This was secured through the help of Mr. Moyes and Mr. Yang, the evangelist whom we had brought from Nanking. Mr. Yang carried on the meetings under the direction of

Dr. Rijnhart and he created a great deal of interest, as he was by far the best educated man in that part of the country.

However, nothing was yet being done except medically for the Tibetans. None of us except Dr. Rijnhart could speak any Tibetan. One of the things at this time which worried me considerably was the apparent disregard of the truth by the Chinese merchants at the place. I did some buying on the street with Mr. Young himself, and it was a source of consternation to me that a merchant, after he had declared up and down that the cost price was so much, after haggling for a certain length of time, Mr. Young would be able to secure the article for less than half that amount.

I said to Mr. Young on one occasion, "That man certainly lied to you. He sold you that article for so much. He had just declared that the cost price was more than that, and I do not believe that he sold it to you for less than the cost." He replied, "Of course he didn't, but that is not lying, that is the custom."

IV

LEARNING TO TALK

DURING this time I was giving all of my mornings entirely to study. I studied the book until I got tired; then I took the teacher and went with him into the street to practice what I had learned. In the afternoon I did the surgical work that was necessary to be done.

One day a little child whose hand was gone was brought in. We asked what had become of the hand and the mother replied that she had left the child lying on the floor while she was out working in the garden, and a pig had eaten it off.

After about a year or less I began the study of Tibetan. My old Tibetan teacher was very intelligent in some ways. However, he was thoroughly superstitious, as a great many of the Tibetans are. Coming into the courtyard one day he was limping. I said to him, "Gigen (teacher), what's the matter with your foot?" "Why," he replied, "just as I was coming up the alley here a devil hit me on the foot and made me lame." "Now," I answered, "you know that is not so. You probably stepped on a rock and turned your ankle." That made the old man quite angry, and he again replied, "Do you suppose I don't know when a devil hits me?"

Another day in the dispensary a band of soldiers came in from the interior. They were in a terrible state. They had had their hands and feet frozen for so long a

time that they were black with gangrene and rotting. The odour was terrific. That afternoon I cut off thirty-one fingers and toes. One of the party had suffered far worse than the rest. His legs were frozen half-way to the knee. He could not walk, but simply pulled himself along by his hands on the ground. Most of the flesh had fallen from the bones of the leg. The feet had dried hard and black. He was in a pitiful condition. It was necessary to amputate both legs just below the knee.

I had not made as great success with Tibetan as with Chinese. The language appeared to me to be more difficult to speak. I had studied the book, however, several hours each day with my teacher. One great difficulty was that I could speak Chinese and, when I didn't understand, immediately he would translate for me into Chinese, with the result that I would forget the use of the word in Tibetan. I was able to read the written language fairly well, but when a man came into the dispensary and said, "Gne droba chig be nado Katro Katro Smen chiza pin ro," I didn't know what he was saying. But if I could see it written I knew very well that he had the stomach ache and wanted a little medicine.

Consequently, becoming disgusted with my lack of success in learning Tibetan and my apparent inability to get a speaking knowledge of it, where every one was ready to translate into Chinese for me anything I might not be able to immediately understand, I threw my books aside, took two or three of the boys who were in school and started for the country.

I went three days back into the country where there were no Chinese and where it was necessary to speak Tibetan or not speak at all, and spent some weeks in this way. During this time I learned the language as it was spoken.

One day while on this trip two women came to me. I had been giving out medicine for some time and they said that they also wanted some medicine. I asked them what the trouble was. One said, answering for both, "She has just lost her husband. She has no children nor father nor mother and she has no one at all. I, also, am a widow, but I had one son. About a month ago he died with smallpox and now I have no one. But the difficulty is that the pain in here," pointing to her heart, "never stops day nor night. We cannot sleep and we want some medicine to stop the pain so we can sleep." What would you do in a case like that?

During our first summer in Tachienlu, Doris was born, and she was a source of great amusement to all our friends.

One morning I was sleeping rather late and one of the schoolboys came into the room and shook me by the arm to waken me. I awakened suddenly and said, "What is the matter?" He told me that a very big official had been shot and had sent a man to see if I could go to see him. I asked, "Where is he?" He replied, "He is in Tyling about five days to the north of here." I said, "Yes, I can go, but I haven't any way to get there." But the boy replied that the man had sent a mule for me to ride. So getting up and arranging my medicines and saddle-bags as quickly as possible, with the man from the official as guide, we started off about ten o'clock.

We went very rapidly until far in the afternoon, when it began to rain. I had provided myself on coming out with a mackintosh which was supposed to turn water. This it did for a while, but it rained all night. We had passed, early in the afternoon, the last settlement in the valley and were going on and on toward the top of the pass. Near midnight at the foot of the last stage of the

pass, we came to an old building occupied by some traders for the night. Their mule and yak were inside as well as their goods and themselves. They had built a large fire in one end of the room around which they were sitting.

I was so cold and worn out that I said to the men, "We will stop here for the rest of the night and go on in the morning." We went inside and I stripped to my underclothes and began to dry out at the fire.

Being somewhat dried and having eaten a little I attempted to go to sleep, but the place was infested with fleas, the smoke was exceedingly irritating, and sleep was impossible. So after an hour I got up, dressed, and told the men we would go on.

We started over the pass at two o'clock in the morning. It had stopped raining and the moon was shining, but before we had been on the road an hour the rain started again.

Across the pass in the rain and in the dark, miserably cold and wet, with the glacier coming down to within a few hundred feet of the road, we went on and on till day began to dawn.

By this time the mule which my guide was riding had given out and had been left behind. The mule which I was riding was so tired that it would lie down with me on it. I said to the men, "We will stop at the very next house," but there were no houses, so we had to go on, riding until shortly before noon.

At this time we rode into the gold camp where the wounded official was. The wound was some days old, had been sealed up according to Chinese fashion, had festered, the neck was tremendously swollen, and he was in great pain. Removing the coverings from the two openings of the gunshot wound in the neck, the pus

shot out, but after washing and dressing the wounds, the pressure having been released, he was much more comfortable.

I then removed my clothing, which had by this time partially dried, dressed in some of the official's Chinese clothes, and a little more than twenty-four hours from the time of starting, I was ready to go to bed.

I slept till time for supper.

I spent some ten days in this camp attending to this man and to many Tibetans who, hearing that I had come, came for treatment.

It was here that I saw my first Chinese spanking. One of the workmen in the mines had stolen an ounce of gold, and the wounded official had his trial on the top of the Tibetan house where we were staying. The man did not deny his guilt and the official said, "Give him two thousand." He was laid down, one man sat on his head, two others held down his feet, and a fourth with a small bamboo began applying the punishment. When he started I thought, "Well, that is no more than he needs." It was no harder than a parent would ordinarily spank a child; but *two thousand!* At the end of the first two hundred the skin was considerably scuffed. At the end of five hundred the limbs were considerably swollen. Before the first thousand had been reached the skin was broken and the blood oozing out, and by the time the two thousand had been reached the back of both legs was like large beefsteaks.

I asked and received permission to treat him also.

At the end of ten days the official was so much improved that I was enabled to go home. He asked what my charges were. I told him that I made no definite charges, but those who were able to pay were supposed to make a donation to the hospital for the benefit of those

who were not able to pay. He had brought out two hundred rupees which, he informed me, were for the hospital and for the poor people who were not able to pay. This was an exceedingly large fee for this country. He said to me, "Now I want you to have something for yourself." So saying, he signalled a man who came around from the corner of the house leading a large mule, all saddled and bridled, as a present to me. This was the largest fee I had ever received. I rode this mule many thousands of miles.

One thing the Tibetan people are not able to understand is anæsthetics, either local or general. I had, one day, a finger-nail on my left hand which had become infected and it was necessary to remove the nail. I was studying with my Tibetan teacher at the time. I reached up and got my hypodermic syringe and my pocket surgical case, filled the syringe with a solution of cocaine and injected it under the nail, after which I took a small knife and, having loosened the nail, took a pair of forceps and removed it in its entirety. Of course it hurt not at all, but my teacher, sitting and watching me with his eyes sticking out and occasionally groaning and making exclamations, said, "I hope that the Tibetans will never have to fight foreigners, because they do not feel pain at all." It was impossible to make him understand that such an operation did not hurt.

At the end of two years word came from Cincinnati that we were to have another family. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, of Kentucky, had been appointed to come out and help. We began getting ready for me to go to the coast to bring them up.

It was at this time that Mr. Moyes came down with typhus fever. After some days it appeared that the case was hopeless. One night about midnight I told Dr.

Rijnhart that I could do nothing further, and that he was dying. She immediately collapsed and I was helpless. I determined that I would keep life in him just as long as possible. I had used all the heart stimulants that I had dared to use, but to no avail. I then took a large syringe and filled it with whiskey and inserted it under the muscle of the breast. In two minutes the heart-beats began to get stronger and the sweat to dry on his face. This held for nearly an hour and down it went again. I repeated the operation. I did this at intervals all through the night till at the end of twenty-four hours, through the night and next day, each injection was holding him for more than four hours, and he had become able to swallow. I then ceased the injection and began feeding him through the mouth, a thing which had heretofore been impossible.

He recovered slowly and when we were ready to travel he and Dr. Rijnhart were also ready to travel to the British Consul at Chentu, where they were married.

V

ACROSS CHINA TO MEET OGDEN

MRS. SHELTON and myself and Doris now about a year old, started toward the coast. Mrs. Shelton and the baby were to stay in West China while I should go on to Shanghai. It was a very easy matter to go down the river as compared to the task of going up-river. In one day you drift down a distance which it would require many days to go up. In this way, within a month of the time we had left Tachienlu I was in Nanking.

I had expected that Mr. and Mrs. Ogden would meet me there, but on arriving and going up to Mr. Meigs' house, in the heart of the city, I was told that they had not come up to Nanking but were waiting for me at Shanghai. I went on at once and the following day met them there.

They had been considerably worried because I had not come sooner. I had not, however, been able to determine exactly when I should be there, and owing to the illness of Mr. Moyes, it had been impossible to leave Tachienlu any sooner in any circumstances.

It did not take us very long to get ready for the up-river journey at this time. We did, however, spend a few days at Nanking, where I met Professor and Mrs. C. T. Paul, who had come out to work in the University. They were old friends of Dr. Rijnhart and took this opportunity to send things to her which they had brought from home.

We soon started on the long journey up the Yangtze and it was here that again the appeal of the need of the thousands of coolies all along the river came to me with great force and I wished that I might be able to do several things at one time, one of which would be going up and down the Yangtze, following the river from Kiating to Ichang with a sort of travelling hospital.

This, so far as I know, has never been done, but the need of it and the appeal of it have been with me through all these years, though, of course, now there are several hospitals along the river at different places.

Arriving at Kiating, where Mrs. Shelton had been waiting, we passed quickly on to Yachow to make arrangements for the transportation of our goods. We were to go by land from Yachow to Tachienlu, while our goods were left to come more slowly by raft.

At last everything was ready and we were prepared to go on.

We had, while in Shanghai, purchased an organ. I felt that it would be of great service. Dr. Rijnhart had a little folding organ, but it was not adequate. When it came to transporting a full-sized organ over these mountains it was a different proposition. We finally managed it, however, by having it tied between poles and carried by four men much in the same manner that they carry a sedan chair.

It was shortly after arriving in Tachienlu that Mrs. Shelton came down with typhus fever. As she lay unconscious for more than three weeks it was a great question for many days as to whether or not she would recover. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden very kindly took Doris, and it was only occasionally that I would get to see her. Toward the last it appeared as if Mrs. Shelton must surely go. It appeared impossible that she should re-

cover, but at last, after two days and nights, during which time, at intervals of fifteen minutes, she had been given a teaspoonful of water to prevent her choking as she lay unconscious, she began to show improvement.

After she began to recover she grew better very rapidly and was soon up and around again. She scarcely knew Doris and Doris hardly knew her, as it had been necessary to shave her head.

During the summer we had a visitor, Mr. Mason Mitchell, the United States Consul at Chungking. A visitor in these out-of-the-way places in the world means a great deal, and we were glad to have him in our home. He had come up to Tachienlu from Chungking to hunt the Budorcas, a large, ox-like animal found only in the Himalaya region. It was while out with him on a hunting expedition that I received one night a letter from Mrs. Shelton saying that Mr. Ogden, who had been somewhat feverish of late, was not nearly so well; in fact, he had typhoid fever and I had better return at once.

With night coming on I saddled my mule and made my way down the mountain and then on until two o'clock in the morning, when I reached Tachienlu. Mr. Ogden was very ill for some weeks, but eventually recovered. It appeared as if we were having more than our share of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Moyes had now returned to Tachienlu and it was during this time, owing to the difficulty of securing buildings for the work, that we deemed it advisable to erect a building, regarding which we had already written the Board the year before. In reply to our letters regarding this, however, they had asked whether or not it would be possible to move on nearer to the actual border of Tibet, although Tachienlu is, in reality, the

border line between the peoples. The geographical border is some five hundred miles to the west.

At this time it did not seem advisable, neither was it possible to do this. In the early fall, however, it was determined that Mr. Ogden and myself should go to Batang for a trip and see what would be the possibilities and the conditions.

During the years in Tachienlu the little school had grown. Perhaps a dozen people had been baptized, among them one young man who, being desirous of a better education than could be obtained in Tachienlu, had gone to Nanking and entered the school there.

I had baptized several of the schoolboys; some of these were Chinese and others had Chinese fathers and Tibetan mothers.

The medical work had grown and we were called upon by a great many people and some from long distances. The people in Tachienlu had come to consider it a safe thing to commit suicide by eating opium, owing to the efficacy of the treatment rendered them.

It was, however, very amusing at the first, to be called out to treat some man or woman who, in a fit of passion, had swallowed opium in order to end their lives. I would be hurriedly called to see them. People would be frantic, trying to produce vomiting by running a finger down the throat or any other means possible. Then I would take an hypodermic needle and stick it into the arm, giving them a dose of apo-morphine and tell the distracted relatives to get a wash basin. The amusing part was to note the looks of astonishment that the violent emesis which had been so easily induced but which they had been unable to bring about, brought to their faces.

I purposely made the patient so violently ill that he

considered a long time before again attempting such procedure.

The work there in Tachienlu had also come to include one married couple who were continually fighting and she, being the weaker and, as it seemed, rather loose jointed, always got the worst of it. In any case, after every fight her right shoulder was found to be out of joint. The man came to me in great distress the first time and I went and put it back in place. Only a few days later he came back again and, on inquiry, I found that the cause was the same as before,—they had been fighting.

He was a small shopkeeper and after attending his wife this time I told him that I had other things to do than going around fixing his wife's bones after every fight and that if he ever did it again it would be necessary for him to pay a fee of two thousand cash (about one dollar and a half) for the services rendered. This was successful in restraining him somewhat for a time but again one night, about midnight, I was called and it was the same man with the same story. I insisted upon payment of the fee. He rather insisted that they had not been fighting but had just been playing with each other a little and the joint had come out. I told him that it made no difference whether it was fight or play, that from now on it would cost him two thousand cash each time it occurred. He finally paid it, but it had such an effect upon him that I think in two years I had only one other opportunity of repairing the effects of his play.

Some of the patients were exceedingly grateful and would pay what they could, but there were a few who, although able to pay, would try to scheme in such a way as to get their treatment free.

Every man, woman, and child who ever came to the dispensary received the best treatment it was possible for us to give them. Those who were able to pay were asked to pay the cost of the medicine, and those who were not, who were the great majority, were asked to pay about five cents, which was the cost of the dose of medicine for the stomach ache, or pay for amputating a leg.

VI

PROSPECTING

MR. OGDEN and I made our arrangements for the trip to Batang and one morning early in September we started. I had never been a great way on this road, having only been to Dong Gnolok, three days from Tachienlu.

After crossing the first high pass, Jedo, from which pass we could see the great mountains which surround Tachienlu, continually covered with snow, and one of the reasons for its being so very cold, we came into the Plain of Anyachong, where one travels for more than a day with no rise or fall in the road of more than a few feet.

It was rather unusual to find a place so lovely. It was especially lovely in the early autumn days when all the stock of yak, sheep and horses were in prime condition.

Having been there before, our medicine was much in demand along the road. Five days from Tachienlu we arrived at Nachuka, the Chinese Hokeo, where we must cross the river.

There was kept there by the Chinese, at this time, a large wooden boat in which our goods and horses, as well as ourselves, could be taken across.

After crossing the river at half-way to Litang, we came to Shignolok, the seat of one of the Tibetan headmen. He was very kind indeed, inviting us in and

insisting on our drinking far more butter tea than was good for us.

Butter tea is made by boiling in a large tea cauldron the very coarse leaves and twigs which are brought up from China and sold to the Tibetans in bricks. Then the tea is strained into a churn into which is thrown a large handful of salt and a large piece of stale butter. This is churned for some time until it is thoroughly emulsified.

The Tibetans and Chinese who use this tea and never bathe, after a time come to have the odour of stale butter, and the Chinese say that one of the trials of going back to China after staying in this country is to have their friends continually turning up their noses and asking them to get out.

The Westerner also learns to drink butter tea but fails to acquire the odour owing to his insistence on occasionally having a bath.

At the end of ten days we reached Litang where is located one of the great monasteries of Eastern Tibet, where three thousand three hundred priests are stationed. There is also located there one of the great printing places where there are carved blocks for the printing of the Gangur, the one hundred and eight volumes of Buddhist Scripture. Each page is carved on a block almost two feet long and six inches wide, and these blocks are stored in regular order in a great building, there being many many thousands of them.

It was at this place that I saw the finest copy of the Gangur it had ever been my privilege to see. It was all written on heavy paper, which had been smoothed and blackened by rubbing with India ink until it had acquired a gloss. The whole one hundred and eight volumes had been thus prepared by hand and written in

lines of alternate silver and gold ink. This ink is made by grinding gold and silver on a stone, and then afterward mixing the resultant with glue water. The title pages were all beautifully decorated. It had required the services of many priests for many years to prepare these one hundred and eight volumes, each weighing from thirty to forty pounds and bound with carved boards.

This work was destroyed some time later by the Chinese soldiers during fighting between the Chinese and the Tibetans. They would open the volumes, scatter the leaves and make a bonfire out of some, and the whole was utterly destroyed. It was so mutilated that it was of no further value.

There are some fourteen passes between Tachienlu and Batang, the lowest of which is about fourteen thousand feet above sea level, and the highest between sixteen and seventeen thousand.

In crossing these passes the men who have heretofore not been in high altitudes breathe with difficulty, especially should they try to walk. Many Chinese soldiers, who do not understand this mountain sickness nor the reason for it, call these passes Yosan, or Medicine Mountain, saying that there is strong medicine in the air which causes the difficulty in breathing.

The man who was accompanying Mr. Ogden, although riding, was feeling the effect of the altitude considerably one day and I, in a spirit of mischief, said to him, "Fusi, I believe what you need is a little exercise." "Well," he replied, "I wouldn't be surprised." We were not far from the top of one of the passes. It was rather a gradual slope on up to the top, and I proposed to him that he and I run a rapid race from there to the top, a distance of perhaps two hundred yards. He said,

LOOKING ACROSS MEKONG FROM TOP OF PASS NEAR YEN JUI (SALT WELLS)

"All right," so dismounting from our horses we prepared for the race. Ogden gave the command and away we went. I, however, knew the impossibility of running more than a very few steps at that altitude and quickly stopped. Fusi went on for perhaps fifty yards, when he fell down on the grass groaning and gasping for breath like a fish out of water and declaring that it was no use, he knew he was going to die. It was perhaps a cruel thing for me to do, but I had been trying to tell him the reason for his condition which he in no wise believed, but insisted that it was because of medicine in the air.

A day or two later we were riding along and were going through a country which was noted as being the seat of operations of a robber band. Fusi had been greatly disturbed because we were having to pass through this country and was very much alarmed. We were riding along quietly, a little in the rear, and I heard him talking to himself, or so it seemed, and I noticed that his eyes were closed. I wondered if he could be ill and slowed the pace of my mule until his horse came almost abreast and I could hear what he was saying. He was offering up the most fervent prayers that we be saved from meeting these robbers.

Arriving at Sanba, we were shown what, up to that time, was the farthest inland missionary grave. In 1898 Mr. Moyes and Mr. Soutar had gone on a journey to Batang, and while in Batang Mr. Soutar had been taken ill. They had started at once for Tachienlu but it was useless. They had been able to proceed only three days' journey to this lonely settlement of nomads at the foot of the highest mountain in all Eastern Tibet, covered with great fields of snow, and there he had succumbed. The grave had later been marked by a stone, and sleeping

here, at the foot of the eternal snows, lies one of God's pioneers.

Three days later we reached Batang after having crossed the Dasso pass, the highest on the road, being nearly seventeen thousand feet. We had gone down, down, and down from the top of this pass, following a narrow road, sometimes built up and sometimes blasted out along the edge of the rolling torrent, which runs down to Batang.

It is very cold coming over the passes and a descent of from sixteen thousand feet to a little less than nine thousand feet, causes it to appear very warm. While Batang had an elevation of about nine thousand feet and would be considered rather high, still in this land of such tremendous altitudes it is considered to be very low and many of the people from the highlands, in transporting goods to Batang, will only bring them to within about ten or fifteen miles of Batang where the elevation is still some twelve thousand feet, as they find it is very dangerous to bring their yak down into such low country where it is so very warm.

We were very kindly received both by the son of the Tibetan Prince, who was still there, and also by the Chinese official. Knowing what we were able to do in a medical and surgical way, we were kept busy during the two or three days of our stay, attending to old wounds and all manner of sickness.

It was there that we came upon the worst form of dysentery that it has ever been my lot to see. It does not kill quickly, the person simply gets more and more emaciated, and some that we saw were simply skin and bones, lying in the awful stench of the continual excreta from which no one considered it important that they should be moved, and from which they themselves were

unable to crawl. The awful need and the gross ignorance appealed to us very strongly.

We inquired as to the conditions around Batang, the number of villages up and down the valley, their probable populations, and after having made some short journeys into the country, and knowing that this, in the Chinese plans, would eventually become the seat of government for the new Province, it appeared to us that it should at least be made one of the main stations of the Mission.

Lying about a quarter of a mile from the main part of the town were the ruins of what had formerly been the pride of all that section; a great monastery, housing some two or three thousand priests, and which had been destroyed during the fighting between the Chinese and Tibetans, which followed the murder of the Chinese minister a year or two before. The Chinese had been absolutely ruthless in their punishments. The innocent and guilty suffered alike, and the executions would sometimes run into forty and fifty in a single day.

We went to call upon the son of the Prince. His father had been executed in the general slaughter. He was very kind and lived in a quite considerable palace but was closely guarded and watched by the Chinese. He was a very poor specimen, being a confirmed opium smoker, a habit which the Chinese had introduced, and he was rapidly using up the property that was his.

He was afterward transported, himself, his wife, son, and daughter, to Chentu, the capital of Szechuen, where one by one they all, except the son, succumbed. They were unable to stand the low altitude and great heat of the plains.

The Tibetans generally are very much afraid of the lowlands, and it was with great difficulty that any of

them could be persuaded to accompany us down into the plains of China at furlough time.

After a few days spent at Batang, we started on our return journey, travelling very quickly because we did not wish to leave the women alone at Tachienlu for too great length of time. We got on well until we reached Litang, which was thirteen thousand two hundred feet above sea level, and which is so high that neither barley nor wheat will mature, and the country round about is entirely given over to grazing and to the washing of gold which is found in considerable quantities along the banks of the shallow streams.

After our arrival there was a great snowfall and we were snowed in for two days. The houses were very low, badly excavated and badly built with sod above the surface level. The fires are of yak dung and some wood, which is brought from a considerable distance. The chimney is a thing about which they do not trouble. As a consequence the smoke is exceedingly irritating, and sore eyes are very prevalent among the Tibetans.

It was impossible for Mr. Ogden and me to endure this smoke; finally we succeeded in securing a small quantity of charcoal with which to keep ourselves warm. We had provided ourselves before leaving Tachienlu with sheepskin garments, so we were not greatly inconvenienced.

On reaching Tachienlu and finding all well after some six weeks' absence, we sent our recommendations to America, which were that the main station of the Mission be located at Batang, but that one family be located at Tachienlu for the purpose of forwarding supplies, mail and money, as we would be constantly dependent upon the outside for these things. We also pointed out to those at home the difficulties of the road

and transportation. In reply they stated that after having considered our report, they would like to ask that, in view of the difficulties of the road, the great remoteness of the place, and above all, the difficulties of finding men and women who were willing to go to this remote place, we very seriously consider the advisability of giving up the work and going down into China where reinforcements were greatly needed.

This was discouraging in the extreme. We had been hoping that things were going to move forward and here we were being asked the advisability of abandoning the field altogether. After considering the matter very seriously it was decided that we could not give up the field, that it should not be done, and that the difficulties should only be a spur to greater effort because the task must be accomplished; and we so wrote the Board.

It was with great joy, therefore, that some months later we received a letter from the president of the Society in which he stated that our answer was just what he was praying that it might be.

VII

MOVE TO BATANG

SO with the consent of the Executive Committee in America, we were now to move on to Batang. In preparation for this it was necessary that we obtain certain things, including tents, glass, a few hinges, nails, etc., from America. So these were ordered and we made preparation to go to Chentu, the capital of Szechuen, to attend the Conference of all missionaries in West China and, at the same time, bring up, when they should arrive, these things from America.

Accordingly, in January, 1908, we went to Chentu and after the Conference, which was of very great help to us all after having been isolated for some years, we took boat and floated down the Chentu River to Suifu, where we left Mrs. Shelton and Mrs. Ogden with the children, while Mr. Ogden and I went on to Chungking to get the supplies which should be arriving from America.

They were greatly delayed, however, and after a wait of some ten days it was decided that I should go on back, take the women and return to Tachienlu, as the spring was coming on and the heat would be very oppressive in the lowlands.

So I went on back to Suifu, making as long stages as possible. I was riding along one afternoon and was feeling exceedingly sorry for my mule. After I had covered almost two stages in that one day, he appeared so tired that it seemed almost impossible for him to go

further. The road was very narrow and raised above the surrounding paddy fields on each side of the road. I was just saying to myself that the next day, although I was in a hurry, I would not try to cover more than one stage as it was too hard on my mule. The paddy fields were in terraces, some two or three feet above each other, and we were going down grade. In one of the fields just ahead were some ducks which I had not seen and suddenly, one of the ducks, in attempting to come from one of the lower fields into an upper, flapped his wings very vigorously and said, "Quack, quack, quack," and my mule, being thus startled, gave just one jump sideways and landed in a paddy field some six feet below, while I went over his head somewhat in the fashion of a bullfrog and landed in the paddy field next below him.

I went under the water and mud on all fours and when I came up and got the water out of my eyes, there was my mule in the paddy field above, with his ears stuck forward, looking to see what I was doing. After excavating myself, as well as the mule, from the paddy fields, and getting back on to the road, I went to a small stream near by, and I gave my clothes a bath with me inside them; and, as dark was coming, I mounted and rode away, water and all. I wasn't troubled any more, however, with any feelings of compassion for that mule and we made the remaining five miles in record time.

After a short stop in Suifu, Mrs. Shelton, Mrs. Ogden and myself took the road for Tachienlu where we arrived in good time. Now began the preparations for the move while waiting for Mr. Ogden to come up with the goods from below. He finally arrived and after all things had been prepared, there being some things still to attend to, it was decided that Mrs. Shelton and I should go on ahead. We had in the meantime dispatched Johnny, our

faithful cook whom we had brought on the first trip from Nanking, to Batang to rent and prepare as best he could some place of residence for us.

He had great difficulty in securing any place as it was reported in Batang that it was the custom of foreigners when they had once rented a place and occupied it, to keep it for themselves; so that it was only with great difficulty and through the help of Mr. Bu, one of the Chinese missionaries sent by the Chentu Church to do work among the Tibetans, that a house was found.

All our goods had to be packed in boxes weighing not more than seventy-five pounds. This was sometimes exceedingly difficult, especially when it came to cook-stoves. With the organ, of course, it was impossible. Cook-stoves could be taken apart and packed in pieces, but the organ could not; so we had to have it carried.

Finally, in June, Mrs. Shelton and I were off. Doris and Dorothy, our two babies, riding in one chair, Mrs. Shelton in another, and I on my mule. It was lovely travelling during the summer except that sometimes violent hail and snow storms would come up for a short while but would quickly pass, and we could drive on again. The passes were all covered with flowers and in going through the forests in the somewhat lower altitude the scenery was lovely indeed.

At Hokeo, where we had to cross the river, we saw great mountains of tea on their way to the interior. This tea is carried all over Tibet. It is very much sought after and passes in the interior as money in trade and barter. There would be caravans, sometimes as many as two hundred yak, all loaded with tea from China. The Tibetans come out in the spring from the interior to Tachienlu, the great tea market, bringing their wool, hides, deer horns, musk, gold, rugs, woolen cloth, etc.

These articles they trade for tea, silk, sugar, tobacco, etc. This trade, which formerly amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars, has been greatly curtailed during the last few years owing to the continuous fighting between the Chinese and Tibetans.

In Litang we stopped for a day that we might get some washing done and do some needed cooking for the remainder of the journey, which would be completed in about seventeen stages, and would require seven days. We had not, up to the present, experienced any great difficulty with the altitude and got along fairly well even in Litang, thirteen thousand feet above sea level, but the following day as it was impossible to cross the high pass that separated us from the next valley it was necessary for us to stop at Totang, a small military outpost on the top of the Whangtogang, which has been translated by some one as meaning, "The abomination of desolation." Covered with great boulders, the road is very difficult and there, in a small stone hut, occupied by a lone Chinaman and his Tibetan wife, neither of which could understand the other, we spent the night.

Here during the night I was suddenly awakened by Mrs. Shelton sitting up in bed and saying that she was having an awful dream. She turned over and tried to go to sleep again but in a few minutes it was the same thing. It was then that we found out what the trouble was. We were simply like fish out of water. There was not enough oxygen in the air to sustain one at a retarded rate of respiration, so we sat up and managed to get through the night; but at three o'clock got breakfast and were ready to move on.

It was a great relief to get out the next night from this extremely high altitude and where we could sleep again.

After another week in these high altitudes, crossing one pass after another and after a day of going around the pass of Genyi, the great snow mountain at whose foot James Soutar lies sleeping, and crossing the last high pass we came down into livable conditions again and on one bright, sunshiny day about two o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived in Batang.

We found Johnny in the midst of having an old room which he had been able to rent, ceiled and floored for our occupancy. We moved in and the work went on. We lived in this place for some months until we were able to rent and repair a more suitable quarter.

We were again strangers in a strange land but found some friends whom we had been able to help on a former trip. We found there one man who came in to me one day and was exceedingly friendly. I could not understand why he should be so. He smiled and talked in a great way and I was wondering what he wanted when he turned to me and said, "You don't know me, do you?" I said, "No, I don't know you." He immediately began unbuttoning his clothes and pulling up his shirt, exposing a scar on his abdomen, said, "Now do you know me?" He was a former patient from Tachienlu on whom I had operated for appendicitis. These patients I met from time to time through all the country and though I did not remember them, they did remember me.

VIII

FIRST OPERATION IN BATANG

JUST the day before we left Tachienlu for Batang, a man had come in to see me, with a great row of enlarged glands around his neck and had asked me to remove them. He had come from Lichang in the Province of Yunnan, some twenty-five days to the southwest, for the express purpose of having me operate on him. Arriving as he did, just as we were departing for Batang, it was impossible to operate because many of my instruments and supplies had gone on. I told him that it would be impossible to attend to him now but that if he could come on five hundred miles to Batang, I would be glad to take care of him. He said he would but I hardly expected it. However, we had been in Batang only two days when he arrived and insisted that he was ready for the operation. We had not had time to unpack or in any way to prepare for taking care of the sick, but I had promised him that I would take care of him as soon as he came to Batang. So there was nothing else to do except to unpack the boxes containing the instruments and do the best we could.

It is always a mistake among these superstitious, incredulous people to do things behind closed doors, because all sorts of stories get out. In Tachienlu I was greatly puzzled for a long time as to why, when I would go on the street, small children would see me and take to their heels and never stop till they were safely inside their own doors. Upon inquiry, we found that they

were told, and it was believed by many people, that we would catch children and take out their livers and eyes and use them for medicine.

There was great curiosity shown by many of the people in Batang when it was found out that I was going to operate on this man. I secured an old door, placed it on two benches out in the open part of the house, where any one who wished could see. After sterilizing everything as well as could be done, Johnny, my assistant, gave the anæsthetic and put the man to sleep, and the operation was performed. Every one thought the man must be dead as he lay so still and uttered no moan while the operation was being done, and it was with great surprise that they saw him at last wake up. He recovered and went back to his home in Lichang some twenty-five days to the south, having had to travel, in all, nearly seventy days in order to be cured.

One of our great trials in Batang during the first year was the lack of proper food. There were very few vegetables to be had, we had no garden of our own, and we could obtain practically nothing except meat and flour. We found that there were a few potatoes of a small, round variety, no larger than a marble. We were able to obtain some of these and they were appreciated.

Dorothy became very ill and we despaired of saving her and for some months it was a question every day as to whether she would survive. But with the advent of cold weather she began to improve and eventually recovered. Later in the fall we were gladdened by the news that Mr. and Mrs. Ogden had decided to come on in before cold weather finally shut down and closed the passes; so early in October they arrived.

Mr. Bu, the Chinese missionary of the Methodist Church, who had come in some months previously, very

kindly assisted us in every way in his power, in helping us to rent a garden, for we saw that it would be necessary for us to raise our own vegetables. We also bought some cows in order that we might have our own milk and butter, kept and prepared in a sanitary way. This was absolutely necessary for the health of the children.

We had brought from Tachienlu and had sent to us from America, all kinds of garden seeds and hoped to be able to raise most of what we would want in that line.

We succeeded in renting a small piece of ground which was well irrigated, and from that time to the present we have never been without our own vegetables. We brought from Tachienlu seed potatoes and potatoes have become, in Batang and the surrounding country, one of the chief products. Many hundreds of bushels are raised each year. This is a great blessing, as potatoes yield far more abundantly than any other crop.

There have been brought in and introduced by Mr. Ogden, Mr. Baker, Dr. Hardy, Mr. McLeod, and ourselves, many varieties of vegetables, some of which are proving very valuable indeed. My father sent me alfalfa seed from Oklahoma. It produced wonderfully and is much sought after in the early spring by the people as a vegetable, as it is the first green thing that appears and is very palatable.

Broom corn, sorghum, cabbage, onions, beets, peas, beans, parsnips, carrots, pumpkins, squash, almost anything, in fact, that is produced in America, grows abundantly here.

The difficulty is in getting the people to use them. They have become so accustomed, through many generations, to live almost exclusively on parched barley and butter tea, that they do not feel the need nor relish a variety of diet.

Mr. Ogden and Mr. Baker, when they came, succeeded in keeping alive through all the months of travel, nine strawberry plants from which we have succeeded in populating the whole valley, so that we have now about as fine strawberries as can be grown any place. There are a few peaches and wild raspberry plants, as well as apricots, grown in the valley. We have at last succeeded also, through the efforts of Mr. Baker, in getting a few apple trees started. Pears are a very poor variety, but are grown to some extent.

There is one product in this valley which cannot be excelled any place. This is the English walnut, which is produced in great abundance. Mr. McLeod is a Scotchman and, as soon as he arrived, threw his efforts into cultivating oats, and they are now flourishing. Cantaloupes do well. One great sorrow in my life has been my utter inability, after seventeen years of trial, to raise watermelons.

It was somewhat difficult at first to secure a teacher. So we had struggled on and on as best we could without a teacher, since no one was willing to help us. I was almost desperate and one day one of my Tibetan friends came to visit me and I said to him, "Gezong Ongdu, I am in an awful fix. Why can't you help me out with this Tibetan a little?" He said, "Yes, I'll be glad to help you out a little." "Well," I said, "how much shall I pay you a month?" "Oh," he said, "I'm not going to do it for money at all. If I can do it for you as your friend I'll be glad to do it. Otherwise I'll not do it at all." To which terms I was forced to accede for a time. At the end of the month I proposed to give him what he considered fair wage and tried to do so. He refused and I insisted. I finally took and stuffed it into his gown. He said, "All right, if you

don't want to be friends any more I'll take it; but if you want us to be friends and want me to come back, you will have to take your money back." Thus I was forced to accede to his terms because I could not get along without him. I, however, got even with him later.

IX

GETTING READY TO BUILD

THE lamasery at Batang was in ruins. Not only was it in ruins, but many of the houses throughout the surrounding country were burned up, simply the bare walls of mud left standing. The people were poor, many of the families had no heads, the men having been executed following the killing of the Chinese minister; desolation and poverty reigned everywhere.

In these conditions work was very difficult because in a way we were looked upon as being friends of the Chinese. But we never made any change in our attitude so far as it was possible to maintain it, telling them that we were there to do good to every one, whether Chinese, Tibetan, or half-caste, insisting at all times, both to the Chinese and Tibetans, that all men were brothers.

One day Ju Lama, one of the incarnations in Batang, and looked upon as being one of the heads of the Buddhist Priesthood, came to me and wanted to know if I would be willing to go some two days' journey across the mountain into Yangtze valley where a house had collapsed, killing several and wounding many others.

Taking one of my assistants, Mr. Bu, with me, in company with Ju Lama, we set out. It was a place where no white man had ever gone before, and where Chinese were afraid to go. We were, however, perfectly safe, escorted as we were by a messenger who had brought the word and by Ju Lama.

We started very early, somewhat before daylight, in order that we might make the journey by hard travelling in one day, which we did. The road, after crossing the mountain, led up the Yangtze River. On the side of the mountain some two thousand feet above the river, it runs into a deep gorge. At almost sundown we arrived at the village. I stopped while inquiries were being made as to where the injured were. The house was pointed out but we were informed that I would not be allowed to enter that night. On inquiry as to why, we were told that we had been on the road all day and we were probably possessed of a great many devils that we had acquired on the road, and that it would be a great injury to the patients for us to enter the house that night.

Loath though we were to postpone anything that could be done, we were forced to comply and seek shelter in some other home, where we were allowed to stay in a small room on top of the third story of an adobe house. It is a great wonder that more people are not killed in these adobe houses than are, because the walls, made of adobe, are built sometimes to tremendous heights.

We did not sleep much because it rained nearly all night and the water, pouring through the mud roof, could only be kept off by using an oil covering over the bed. After a night spent in discussing the different problems of the Tibetans with Ju Lama, morning came at last. Ju Lama has been a good friend to me through all the years.

The next morning we went to see the injured folk, one of whom was a man with both legs broken by a beam falling on them. The neighbours had set the bones as best they could, but had used only small sticks and wrapped them with woolen cords very tightly, so that there was no chance for the return circulation. As a consequence,

the feet were swollen to great size and the man was in great agony. We did what we could for the man, but were not allowed to stay, and they refused to have the feet amputated. The bones had run through the flesh and he was being cared for in a room in the back part of which was the fireplace and bed. The bed was simply an old sheepskin laid on the ground. In the front part were yak and sheep. The filth was indescribable and the wounds infected so that there was not much chance without radical measures, which they refused.

We reluctantly bade them good-bye and returned home. Three days later the man died. Even the bandages with which we had wrapped his legs were taken off and returned to us in Batang.

It was about this time that I performed my first marriage ceremony. The boy that took care of my mule was told by some of his friends that it was time he was getting married. He said that if they thought that he ought to get married it was all right with him, and, if they could find him a wife, it would suit him very well. They looked around and a few days later announced that they had found a Tibetan girl who was very strong and who could do lots of work and who would make him a good wife. He was satisfied, so the papers were drawn up and the agreement made. Time went on and preparations for the marriage were carried forward. He came to me and said, "Dr. Shelton, although I am not yet a Christian, I expect to be some day, and I would like you to marry me instead of being married according to the Chinese custom." I told him I would be glad to marry him.

I had not as yet seen the bride-to-be, nor had he. When the time came he was decked out in all the finery of a Chinese mandarin, with a peacock feather sticking

out from the back of his head, and dressed in silks and satins worth more than he could have earned in a year. These were borrowed from other folks, by his friends. for the occasion.

He was escorted to our house by several of his friends and a few minutes later, there came the bride escorted by her friends. Now Niuniu, the boy, was quite small, being something over five feet, while the bride was nearly six feet tall. He looked up to see what she looked like, and she was very shy. He could not speak a word of Tibetan, nor could she speak a word of Chinese, so it was necessary for me to marry him in Chinese and her in Tibetan, and for some time to come, when they wished to have any conversation, it was necessary to call in an interpreter.

These friends in Batang, seeing the different articles in our home, kept asking us if we would not get the same for them. This we did when we could, but there came a time when we had to stop it, as it became too much of a burden, this trying to purchase things in America, especially as there were great difficulties in transportation and many times the articles were lost.

While it was very difficult many times in making friends with the grown folks, it was not nearly so much so with the children, especially as our own children opened the way with them. This is our greatest hope, the work with the children and young folks, although sometimes the older ones do become Christians. But even becoming Christians, they carry with them over into Christianity many of the old customs and superstitions that have been born and bred in them.

The spring following our arrival in Batang witnessed the advent of the first white baby, little Ruth Ogden, who was a source of wonder to all the natives.

X

MEDICAL WORK

IT now became necessary to plan for building. We had as yet secured no land on which we could build. The prospects appeared good and it was thought wise to begin preparing, because building in this far outpost of civilization is a different proposition from what it is in America where, if you want so much lumber, so much lime, so many brick, all you have to do is to send word down to the lumber yard or brick kiln. In this place there are forests on the mountains and clay on the banks. If you want lumber, you must make it. If you want brick, they must also be made. If you want lime, stone must be gathered and burned.

In preparation for this I had made arrangements before leaving Tachienlu to have sawyers sent in when I should require them. I had also bought saws in Chungking.

I accordingly sent to Tachienlu and had fifteen men come in, bringing with them their Chinese axes and also their carpenter tools.

The work began in early fall and consisted first in scouting expeditions back into the mountains to find suitable lumber. It was at last located some fifteen or eighteen miles from Batang, up one of the small streams whose waters come down the valley.

Then it became necessary to get permission from the magistrate to cut the lumber. After some negotiations

we secured his permission and at last tsamba (parched barley meal), tea, salt and flour having been secured, camp was made and the work begun. It was to be an all winter's job, and the snow would be very deep, so it became necessary to build snow huts which were thrown together from some of the first lumber cut.

The work went on, I having made out the bill of what was required, and all through the winter these men worked up in the mountains, felling trees, cutting them up into the required lengths, then hewing with their axes until they were more or less square and then slowly and laboriously sawing each plank.

I spent considerable time with them in the mountains. Every time I went up I took a big piece of meat so that they might have a good feed.

The conditions under which people labour in this country are the conditions, only perhaps somewhat exaggerated, under which our forefathers worked in our own land. The nights were long and cold, but there was one blessing, wood was abundant, and at night we would have a great bonfire, around which we all sat, making the evening the most pleasing part of the day, and it was with great reluctance, often at a very late hour, when the men would get out in the morning. Often it would be nine or ten o'clock before any work would be done.

Time, however, is one of the things which has no meaning for an Oriental. If a thing cannot be done tomorrow, it can be done the next day or next week.

After the timber had been cut, the following spring it became necessary to transport the boards to Batang. This was done in several ways. The small boards were usually carried on donkeys or yak. The larger pieces were too unwieldy for this and were carried on men's backs, and very large pieces, which were too heavy for

one man to carry alone, were tied up and carried by several.

After the wood had been brought into Batang and seasoned all winter, it was planed and stored for use. The preparation of flooring, grooving, and tonguing was all done by piece-work at so much per board. Had it not been so the cost would have been prohibitive. Being done by piece-work, if a man wanted to spend an hour filing his saw or whetting his plane, that was his business.

The making of doors was given to the best carpenter in the bunch. He made some very good doors indeed.

It also became necessary to burn brick and tile for the roof. This was perhaps a more serious job than the getting out of the lumber. It was finally decided that the brick should be burned as near the spot where they were to be used as possible. Two kilns were built which would hold approximately ten thousand brick each. Sheds for the moulding and drying had to be prepared, wood for the fire had to be brought down from the mountains. There was an endless amount of detail that had to be looked after, and I began to think of what I had heard a missionary say down in China as we came through. He had been delegated to do the building for his mission and he said that the mission had decided that, instead of having each man do his own building, it was just as well to let one man go to Hell and be done with it and give the rest a chance.

During the summer and winter I burned some two hundred thousand bricks. As fall came on it was necessary to suspend operations, for the brick would freeze before drying.

It also was necessary to prepare furniture for the different families. Tables, chairs, beds, wash-stands, and all other things in the line of furniture must be made;

so it was no unusual thing to find a missionary studying over Montgomery Ward's catalogue, looking over the pictures, trying to decide in what way the furniture should be made.

During this time the medical work had been continually increasing as also were the other branches of the work. Sword cuts and gunshot wounds, accidental broken bones and things of this nature were constantly occurring. For these I was constantly called in. For the work of a more purely medical nature, such as fever, etc., I was not so much in demand, as they had methods of their own for treating things, among which are the calling in of some eight or ten priests and the reading of prayers, the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and the beating of drums, in order to drive out the devils.

Another custom that they have in treating the sick is to never allow them to sleep. Day and night some one will sit beside the person who is ill, and he eventually becomes almost dead for lack of sleep, but he will be roused, stuck with a pin or in some other manner roused again to wakefulness. They think that if a person is allowed to go to sleep he may not wake up again, and it is with the greatest difficulty that they can be convinced, and sometimes not at all, that sleep is a very necessary thing for a person who is ill.

Another way of curing disease is to have a big priest write a prayer on a slip of paper, which is rolled into a pill and swallowed by the patient. Another way is to take a knife that has been heated hot and jab it into the affected part.

One day I was going down with Ju Lama to his home. His mother is a nomad and lived some two days to the southeast of Batang. As a usual thing, for my medical and surgical ability, I am treated with considerable re-

spect while travelling along the road, but travelling with him I was a person of no consequence whatever. People would see him coming and would line up along the side of the road, bow their heads and clasp their hands before their faces, and wait for him to ride along and place his hand on one head after another in blessing.

People also came during the noon hour while we were stopping for dinner, bringing bits of string on which they wished him to tie a note. He did this, and after he had tied the note he would breathe upon it. Upon inquiry I found that this was to protect them from smallpox.

On reaching his home a great many persons came bringing presents of one kind or another and asking for charms and blessing, or for relief from this or that condition, all of which he, without hesitation, promised. At last a man came bringing a much larger present than usual, consisting of some pounds of Tibetan butter, several pounds of tea, a measure of barley and a chicken. "Well," said Ju Lama, "what can I do for you?" The man very respectfully bowed, sticking out his tongue, as was the custom, and replied, "It is very serious and I need your help badly. About two months ago my father died, then a little later some of the horses died, then again a pig died, and now another one of the horses is sick, and at the present rate I will be ruined shortly unless you can do something to help me. Will you please cast lots to find out what the trouble is so that I, if possible, may remedy it?"

Watch how it works.

Ju Lama very promptly removed from his gown his little box containing two dice which, after blowing upon them, he very solemnly cast back into the box, looking intently at the dots. This he did three times,

and then turning to his visitor and sticking his finger at him, he said very solemnly, "You have not been any too good a man, and the fact of the matter is that the gods have been considerably displeased with you. Now I'll tell you what to do. You hire ten Lamas for ten days to come and read prayers in your home, and you see to it that they are not only well paid but that they are well fed while they are there." "Lasso, lasso (yes, yes)," exclaimed the man, and, thanking the Lama profusely, withdrew. I said to Ju Lama, "What in the world did you want to go and tell the man all that stuff for? You know very well that it won't do any good and that man is in serious trouble and really wants help." He said, "Hush, hush, don't talk so loud—some of the people will hear you." "But," I said, "I want to know." "Well," says he, "if I didn't do this they wouldn't have any confidence in us at all, and if they got so they didn't have any confidence in us, we wouldn't be able to make a living." Ju Lama has no more confidence in these things than I have, and yet, by force of circumstances as well as inclination, he is almost compelled to go on.

One day at Batang, not long after we had arrived, a man came down from the magistrate's Yamen, asking me if I would go up, as the magistrate wanted to see me for a few minutes. I went up immediately, and after greetings, he said, "I have been building a road out here, and I have had a good many people in from the country working on it, and we had a very serious accident this morning. A rock fell down from one of the cliffs and hit one of the men on the head, and I want to see if you can do anything for him." I asked where the man was and he replied, "Over here in one of these houses." He went over to the house with me and we found the man lying on the straw where the yak and horses were. Brain

matter was slowly oozing from the wound in his head. After examining the man I found a place about the size of the hand that was greatly depressed and the bone was badly mashed.

I told the magistrate that the man would probably die and that, just having arrived, it was a very serious thing, not only for him but for us, and should I operate on the man and should he die, we would be accused of causing his death.

Some of his friends, however, standing around, said, "No, no, he'll certainly die now. Please do what you can for him." So we arranged a place with one of the old doors as a table, as I had not yet been able to have tables and other necessary things made, and took him up-stairs into one of the rooms. The ceiling of the room was covered with soot and there was great danger of it falling down, so we hung up a sheet over where the table was to be and, after preparing as thoroughly as possible, he was given chloroform and the work was begun.

I laid back the scalp from the wound, and, after getting a start, removed fourteen pieces of crushed bone, cleaned out the wound thoroughly and stitched back the scalp. The man was barely breathing. It appeared as if he would not live. But that man got well, when by all the laws of medicine he ought to have died. But "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." It would have meant retarding greatly all work should this man's life have gone out.

About three weeks after he was well and had gone home I was walking along in a hurry one day, going home to dinner. I met an old man and woman who, when they saw me, got down on the side of the road and began bumping their heads on the ground. I went up and told them to get up, that we did not allow any one to

get down on their knees to us. I asked them what they wanted. The old man began fumbling inside his sheepskin gown and brought forth first, an old rooster, then a dirty piece of Tibetan butter and six eggs. These he presented to me and then down they went on the ground again. I said, "See here, what do you folks want?" It is necessary to be very careful in this country when accepting presents, because they very often have strings tied to them, and sometimes they wish things done that we cannot do. They often wish us to help in different ways, especially in their lawsuits, with which we can have nothing whatever to do.

Getting up from the ground, he said, "You know that man with the broken head? Well, we're his father and mother, and we have come to thank you for saving our son's life." And down they went again. These old folks had come five days' journey to thank me for saving their son's life. My fee was one old rooster, one piece of dirty butter and six eggs, but, you know, it was one of the best fees I have ever received. Gratitude of people to whom we have been able to be of service is one of the greatest compensations.

There is also considerable blindness in the country. A great deal of it is past remedy, but there are quite a few with cataracts who can be helped. It is very gratifying to see a man or a woman who has been walking in darkness for many months, perhaps years, step out and be able to follow the road without being led, or to pick up his own Tsamba Bo, or in other ways resume the ordinary occupations of life.

The confidence which the people have in us, engendered by these things, is indeed heart-breaking. They get to believing that we have almost supernatural power and come to us with things which we can in no way help.

Hearing what had been done, people come from long distances confidently expecting help, and when told that they cannot be cured, refuse to believe it. They think that we are telling them this so that they will bring money.

XI

DR. LOFTIS

THE time of our furlough was drawing near. It was necessary that another doctor should come and take my place in the work while I should be home. The committee at home had been searching for a man who was capable; not only one who was capable, but thoroughly consecrated and willing to come to this place. At last they found a man whose request was that he might be sent to the most difficult field in the world and where the need was the greatest. That man was Dr. Zenas Sanford Loftis, a member of P. Y. Pendleton's church at Vine Street, Nashville, Tennessee.

After his long journey across the Pacific and some months up through China for more than two thousand miles, he was at last nearing his destination. He had been accompanied by Mr. Edgar of the China Inland Mission on his long journey overland from Tachienlu.

Dr. Loftis was a man who loved all the beauties of nature and was able to see God on every hand. When they reached Sanba, at the foot of the mighty Genye, whose snows towered thousands of feet above the road, it was there that he saw Soutar's grave. A premonition seemed to seize him there and he was not able to sleep that night. Rising in the middle of the night, he placed this entry in his diary, "Sleep on, thou servant of the Living God, if it be Thy will that I, too, should find a grave in this dark land, may it be one that will be a land-

mark and an inspiration to others, and may I go to it willingly if it is Thy will."

Three days later we were all overjoyed to meet him in Batang. We had waited and prayed for years for this promised help, and it was at hand at last. He was a man much superior to us in training. His consecration and spiritual force were a great joy to us all and a great inspiration to every one.

Soon after he arrived, Mr. Ogden and myself, taking advantage of the opportunity which came with his coming, of having a medical man in the station, went on a journey, doctoring and preaching, to visit Shangchen, the home of the fiercest tribe in all Eastern Tibet.

During the month that we were gone we had opportunity of seeing and knowing these people, about whom we had before only heard, and did a great deal of work on the way. We went across from Shangchen till we struck the banks of the Yangtze River and came back up that river valley, stopping at each village to give aid to any who might be sick.

It was a great journey and promised much good in a better understanding of the people, and in their having a better understanding of us.

We came back and found Dr. Loftis unpacking his goods, which had arrived. A day or two later he was somewhat tired out from this work and didn't care for much breakfast. In the meantime he had completely captured the hearts of the children of the Mission, especially Dorothy, who, now that there was another doctor here, did not want her father to attend to any of her childish ailments, but would say that she would wait and let Dr. Loftis see it. The following day he said he did not feel well. He had attended two patients who had smallpox, and, although he had been successfully vacci-

nated, we wondered whether or not he was to have smallpox. On the third day we were somewhat reassured when we found that such was the case, because the eruption was very light. However, as is usual in such cases, when the appearance of the eruption is favourable, the fever did not abate but went on. He got steadily worse and the eruption of typhus fever joined that of smallpox. Smallpox was raging everywhere and no vaccine could be procured. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden had taken Baby Ruth and gone to the mountains. I was isolated with Dr. Loftis. I did all that was possible for me to do. Mr. Ogden said he had no fears whatever because the Lord would not permit Dr. Loftis to be taken after we had waited so long, and he had just reached the field, and everything was so full of promise. But one afternoon about four o'clock he died. I was alone with him. I could not go home for fear of carrying infection. Mr. Ogden was in the mountain, so I had two carpenters come and prepare a coffin.

About twelve o'clock in the night, word having been sent, Mr. Ogden came down from the mountain through the rain and the dark and walked in. His face wore a peculiarly hard expression. I was all broken up. "Well," he said, "there he is." He added, "I didn't believe the Lord would let him die. We've waited and waited and waited for his coming. But there he is."

We prepared him for burial and, toward morning when the coffin was finished, placed him in it. A military officer had heard what had happened and sent his messenger to know if there was anything in the world that he could do. He sent men to dig the grave and a little later sent ten men, with a captain to command them, and very slowly and reverently they carried him down-stairs and out into the road and up to where the

grave was prepared, and there we two laid him to rest. His grave stands facing the road that leads to Lassa, the capital of the country he had come so far to serve. Six weeks was he on the field, and he was not, for God took him.

XII

DR. HARDY COMES

WHAT were we to do now? The promised relief had come and gone. We cabled the Board and asked them to send a new man. We doubted their ability to do so, for they had been some years trying to find a man to come, and yet, God always prepares a way.

When the cable was read, announcing the death of Dr. Loftis, and a call for a new man in his place, in his home church in Nashville a young man sought out his pastor and said, "I'll go." This young man was Dr. Wm. M. Hardy, who would finish his medical work the following year.

We in Batang were stupefied and asked the eternal question, "Why, why?" And in an endeavour to find the answer to this question, we got closer to the Lord than we had ever been. And in so doing the Spirit of the Lord was enabled to work and use us as He had never been able to do before.

The school grew in numbers and in effectiveness. A great many people that had never come near the church before began coming. They wanted to learn and, as they came in the right frame of mind, they gave us greater opportunities than had ever been ours, and it was our constant prayer and is yet, that we may be kept to represent Christ to these people.

During the fall and winter the work went on and grew and prospered as it never had before. The blessing that Dr. Loftis had brought to us was to go on and on.

At length the time came when Dr. Hardy was to come and take his place. Meanwhile we were preparing for our long journey to America.

Ju Lama had confessed to me in private that he did believe. "Then," said I, "why don't you come out and make your confession publicly?" "Oh," he said, "you can't understand why I don't. I would be persecuted, perhaps killed; I would certainly be left without any way of making a living." The night before we left we had a long talk together and, although he had come to believe, and although he had known us for some years, he came to me privately and said, "Now, just what is it that you want over here? If you will tell me, perhaps I can get it for you on the sly." It seemed to be impossible to get the idea out of his head that there must be something else for which we had come, and that we were hunting for some norbu, or treasure, which we would secretly take away with us. The idea of anything done altruistically, or for the good of others, without hope or desire of reward, is so utterly foreign to the Tibetans that it seems impossible for them to conceive of it.

We waited till we knew that Dr. Hardy was coming so that the station would not be without a medical man for a very great length of time, and early in October we started on our long trip to America.

When it came time to say good-bye it was not a pleasant thing. As the caravan filed out the women were standing along the road waiting to say good-bye to Mrs. Shelton, crying and offering her, instead of the customary wine, for they knew that we did not drink that, milk instead. Every woman insisted that she should at

least taste hers, and she drank milk till she could drink no more.

I had been saying good-bye to friends out along the road, and we had at last said good-bye to the Ogden family, who had gone out the road a considerable distance, with the schoolboys and other friends. But I had missed my teacher, Gezong Ongdu. I wondered if he had not come to say good-bye. Going up the road about two miles, I saw him standing with one of his friends. I rode up, got off my mule, and said, "Well, good-bye, Gezong." He then held out his hand, but tears came to his eyes and he couldn't speak, so I just got on my mule and rode away.

The journey in the autumn when the days are clear and bright, and the view is unobstructed, was beautiful. After twenty days we reached Tachienlu without mishap, and there met Dr. Hardy, who came in two days after our arrival.

We spent a day getting acquainted and then went on; he waited for a short time for Mr. Ogden, who met him there to escort him through the Tibetan country.

After eight days we arrived at Yachow, and there our land journey ended. We were to make the first stage of the journey to Kiating by raft, a distance of about one hundred miles. We piled all our goods in the middle of the raft on poles, somewhat elevated to keep them dry, and we got on top with a piece of matting stretched over them, and were off.

The rafts are some fifty or sixty feet long and from six to eight feet wide, and are made by lashing large bamboos together. They are very safe but rather scary, especially when going through a rapid, when they bend and creak as the water splashes, and the position seems very precarious indeed.

Doris and Dorothy were very much alarmed at the first rapid, the second not so much, and by the time we had passed the fourth and fifth and come to still water again, they were wishing that another rapid would come, as it was much more entertaining than drifting down the quieter water.

At Chungking and Suifu we renewed acquaintance with friends we had met on our journey out years before. It was necessary to stop at each place for a day or two to change boats. At Chungking we were again the guests of Dr. and Mrs. McCartney. Things there seemed quite grand, especially when oil lamps were brought into the bedroom. Mrs. Shelton, however, was considerably disturbed and blew them out. I asked her why she did it and she replied that she was afraid they would blow up, so she proceeded to get a candle out of her grip. We had become so used to the using of candles that oil lamps seemed extraordinary.

We went on, stopping only for a day in Nanking. We were fortunate in securing passage from Shanghai home at once. After eighty-nine days of continuous travel, we at length reached our home in America early in January.

The time spent in America passed quickly. Opportunity was given for two short sessions in school. It doesn't take a medical man very long on the field to become a back number, the changes in medicine and surgery are so rapid.

I was associated for some months with the Million Dollar Campaign, of which Mr. A. E. Cory was the leader.

The time came for returning to Batang, and just as we were preparing to start, word came of the Chinese Revolution, and it was thought best that we postpone our re-

turn, especially as it had become necessary for Mr. and Mrs. Ogden and Dr. Hardy to leave Batang. The Chinese official had reported to them that he would no longer be able to protect them, and it was necessary for them to go out.

This they were forced to do, and, owing to the disturbed state of the country, they were compelled to make the journey by the south, en route through Yunnan and Indo-China, to Haiphong.

They encountered many hardships on this forced journey, and Mr. and Mrs. Ogden were in rather a serious condition of health when they arrived in America.

Just as soon as it was thought advisable we prepared for the return journey.

We were to build and it had become necessary to provide the glass, hinges, screws, nails, roof, paint, etc., which could not be secured on the field.

I also took back with me at the time furnishings for the hospital—beds, an operating-table, medicine, etc.

The greatest blessing that I received during our stay at home was in coming to know the great body of people that are back of us in the work and whose prayers and support lent strength and encouragement to our efforts.

XIII

HOMEWARD BOUND TO TIBET

WE were to start on our return journey early in the fall. Our goods had been bought and shipped and we were to have a month or more to visit our home. However, late in June, it became necessary for some doctor to go at once to China with Mr. James Ware, of Shanghai, whose health was in a very critical condition and who could not travel alone. I was glad to accompany him as a physician.

So bidding good-bye to my parents hastily, I took the family to the Pacific Coast, where Mrs. Shelton and the children were to visit her mother and sister, and then went on to Vancouver, where I met Mr. Ware.

This was one of the great blessings of my life, the journey across the Pacific with Mr. Ware. He was a rare spirit and, to me, he was a great blessing.

We arrived in China at the very worst part of the year, the middle of August, and were met at the wharf by Mr. Ware's family. He lingered on until near Christmas, when, after nearly thirty years of service, he passed quietly away at his home.

I spent one night in Shanghai. I stayed in a bedroom up-stairs and, after getting the bed all wet with sweat, I moved out into the hall and lay there. After I had the carpet sufficiently saturated, I gathered up a sheet and quilt and moved to the yard, where I succeeded in obviating the necessity of having the lawn mowed by rolling around on the grass from then on until morning. Every

mosquito in Eastern China, hearing that I had just returned from America in rather a corpulent state, came to have a feast.

The next day I went to Kuling, where most of the folk go for six weeks during the hottest part of the year. It was considerably cooler than in Shanghai and down on the plain, but it was necessary to give your shoes a good going over in the morning in order to remove the mould which had accumulated during the night.

It was there that I met Dr. Hardy again. He had not returned to America but had remained in China. He had, in the meantime, succeeded in acquiring reinforcements for Batang by marrying Miss Nina Palmer, who had gone out to Nanking as a missionary.

I also met Mr. and Mrs. Baker, who had come out the year previous and had been in China studying the language. I also met Johnny, who had, during the time I had been home, been employed as a doctor in the Chinese army. He also had acquired a wife. I waited there for some six weeks until Mrs. Shelton and the girls arrived in Shanghai.

After their arrival we started, together with Dr. and Mrs. Hardy, for Tibet. Mr. and Mrs. Baker were to stay in China for a short time yet, as James Baker, who had just made his appearance, was too young to travel.

After a thousand-mile trip up the river we arrived at Ichang, where we were compelled to wait for some time reassembling our belongings and waiting for some of the things which had been delayed in transit.

It was during our stay there that one of the go-downs, or storehouses, in which our goods were, burned down, and, for a time, it appeared as if everything was lost.

It was there that we tried a new experiment. It had formerly taken a month to make the journey from

Ichang to Chungking. A small steamer was now running between these two places and we decided to take passage on it, leaving our goods to come up by junk. We did this and arrived in Chungking in five days instead of thirty.

We were compelled to await in Chungking the arrival of our goods. It was some two months before we were ready to proceed.

It was necessary now to take to the house-boats. Some three weeks later, arriving at Kiating and loading our stuff on rafts, we set out for Yachow.

There it became necessary that all our belongings, building material, medicine, beds, hospital supplies, should be transferred from water to land. Some hundred or more coolies had to be engaged for their transportation to Tachienlu. This seemed to be an endless job and, though men were sent along to watch and take care of the things en route, some of the things never did come to hand.

This is one of the penalties you pay in travelling in China, but if the greater part of your goods arrive you should consider yourself very fortunate and be thankful.

While waiting in Tachienlu, we heard that Mr. and Mrs. Ogden and Mr. and Mrs. Baker were on the way. Not having such a tremendous amount of goods as it was necessary for us to transport, they were able to travel much more rapidly than we were. So, after waiting for a month or more, we were joined by them.

It was there that the whole Mission was together for the first time. We took advantage of the opportunity to have our first regular Mission meeting and to decide what was to be done.

We were to go on in three parties, yak had been hired for transporting our goods, that is, such as had arrived,

and Mrs. Shelton and the children and I were off together, Dr. Hardy was to follow in a few days, it being very difficult to secure at one time the required number of yak for such an occasion.

To get to Batang it was necessary to go by the northern road, as robbers were rampant on the main road. This made the journey very much longer. It required a month's time to make the journey on the northern road, while by the southern road it could be done easily in from eighteen to twenty days.

However, there was no help for it, as the Chinese officials absolutely refused permission to travel by the southern route, one of the French Fathers having been killed near Litang by robbers the day previous. He was not only killed but his body was badly mutilated.

While we were in Tachienlu, Dorothy's birthday occurred. Mr. Clements, of the China Inland Mission, made her a present of a large black hen. This hen was considerable of a pet and Dorothy would carry her around and sit with her in her lap and feed her, but before a great while, Annie decided that she wanted to set. So nothing would do Dorothy but that she must get some eggs and let her set.

When she had been setting about two weeks, it came time for us to go. What was to be done with Annie? Dorothy would not hear of leaving her behind nor could we break up her setting, so Dorothy solved the whole problem by having her put in a low basket, eggs and all, and slipping the basket under the seat of her chair.

When we reached Dawo the eggs began to hatch and soon we had seven or eight little chickens. It came to be that whenever the chair stopped, Annie would begin to cluck very vigorously to get out with her brood. They

would be let out in the grass and fed and then when ready to move on again they would all be caught and put back in the basket and shoved under the seat.

This went on day after day. One night we were stopping in an old house and Annie and her chickens were roaming around the room playing, when suddenly an old cat jumped into the room and, before it could be prevented, killed two of the chickens. There was great consternation and it appeared as if some of the family had been killed, nor was it long before the spirit of the cat had gone to join the chickens.

When we arrived in Batang these chickens were almost three weeks old. They prospered and Annie and her son, Pete, and her daughter Polly, had become the progenitors of a great army of chickens that now inhabit the valley. The Tibetan chickens are small and Annie has proved a blessing to a good many people and to the country at large in that not only the chickens, but the eggs over the whole country, have been improved. Annie is well along in years now, but is still boss of the whole barnyard.

At one place along the road our cook thought it necessary to open up a food box which was on a very wild yak. During the operation the yak became frightened, gave a sudden jump, and away he went, and the manner in which he scattered food, tin cans, plates, knives, forks, and spoons, over that stretch of the road, would have done credit to a street sprinkler. The sight of the cook standing with his hands outstretched, and with a look of horror on his face, as he watched the performance, was ample repayment for any damage that was done.

While we were at Dawo we met one of the Catholic Fathers who was in charge of the work there. He came to see us and asked if it were possible for me to stop over

a day. He said that one of his men was very grievously wounded and he wanted me to attend him.

I saw the man and found that he was suffering from an old gunshot wound of the knee. The bones were smashed and torn and the leg was greatly deformed. The leg was perfectly useless. I stopped the next day and amputated it.

This also it was necessary to do in the open where every one could see what was being done, in order to allay suspicion. People climbed up on everything available, and from a hundred to a hundred and fifty people, with the accompaniment of groans and ejaculations, watched while the leg was being amputated.

Without further unpleasantness other than that common to travelling in high altitudes and among nomads of a somewhat turbulent disposition, after twenty-nine days we were nearing Batang and the journey was over.

XIV

ARRIVAL

ON nearing Batang we began to meet people that we knew, and when we were within two or three miles of the town we began to meet the people who had come out to meet us. They all seemed glad to see us and gave us a very hearty welcome back. Among these were Gway Gwang and Gway Yin, the two orphan boys that I had taken some years before to raise.

In the meantime Gway Gwang married, and shortly before we arrived in Batang his wife died, leaving him with a small girl baby to care for. He was considerably broken up over the matter and had a very hard time of it.

During the Revolution, when the city had been surrounded by turbulent Tibetans for more than forty days, the people died in great numbers as the result of some plague. I have never been able to decide from the descriptions what this plague was.

We found that conditions were very bad. During the time of the fight, while we had been gone, our dispensary had been broken into, the microscope, many instruments and drugs had been stolen (not that those who had taken the drugs had any use for them or needed them; that would have been quite all right could they have been of service, but they were taken and poured out and thrown away). Drugs to the value of some hundreds of dollars were destroyed in order to secure the bottles to put wine in.

Many thousands of our brick had been carried away to make barricades. People had taken them to build stoves; the lumber, also, which we had prepared, had suffered to some extent, though not as greatly as we had at first thought.

When Mr. Ogden and Dr. Hardy left it was necessary for them to leave on a few hours' notice. As a consequence, it was impossible for them to pack and store all goods and belongings of the Mission. Consequently, the houses were all broken into and the goods stolen. The loss was considerable. Our rugs, beds, clothing, table ware, etc., had all been carried off, including a fine elephant tusk that had been given to Mrs. Shelton shortly before we left Batang for home by the Nepalese Ambassador on his regular journey carrying tribute to Peking.

We were asked by the Chinese Governor to make an estimate of the loss incurred and we were assured that this would be made good. The loss was estimated very carefully and very conservatively, as we preferred that it should be underestimated rather than overestimated, as we feared that the people of the place might be forced to pay it, while as a matter of fact, the actual thieving had been done by the soldiers to a large extent and under the direction of one of their officials.

For many months after returning I would occasionally find a pair of hinges in a shop for sale, or go into a man's house and find there one of our chairs. Mrs. Ogden's fruit jars had been in great demand as containers for wine and were scattered all over the town. As to what became of the microscope it was never definitely learned, but we were informed on fairly good authority that it had been taken by the commanding General.

Mrs. Shelton's greatest trial was not the loss of her goods, serious as this was, but it was the cutting of the

great walnut tree in our yard and which could never be replaced. It had been a place of shade and rest and her greatest joy in the little home we were occupying.

As soon as we arrived friends and neighbours began coming in, wanting to assist in one way or another, renovating the house and getting things in shape.

It was a great privilege, after so long a journey, to be in a place where it would not be necessary to get up before daylight and get ready for the road again, and where it would be possible to have a bath once in a while, and where we could open the boxes containing our belongings, and have them at hand where we could use them, and not have to be content with the knowledge that we had them, but they were inaccessible.

Some days after our arrival Dr. Hardy came in, and a month or two later Mr. Ogden and Mr. Baker, with their families. We were all at home at last, all the members of the Mission, and ready for work, which was begun in earnest and at once.

Gway Gwang had been able to conserve considerable of the work. Although greatly hampered and hindered and many times without funds, he was now greatly elated that things were to go forward once more and with redoubled energy.

XV

DRAYA

SHORTLY after our arrival in Batang I was asked by the commanding General if I would go to Draya to attend to the wounded. The Chinese and Tibetans had been fighting, and there were a great many wounded, and help was urgently needed at that place. So just as quickly as possible, medicine, instruments, bandages, etc., were packed, and with Mr. Bu as assistant I started off for Draya, some ten days to the northwest.

For the first three or four days of the journey we were in the company of the General himself, as he too was going to Draya. After we had been travelling two or three days it appeared that the progress of his column would be much too slow, as he had some hundreds of men with him. So we asked permission to go on in advance.

He was very reluctant to have us do so, as bands of robbers were all along the road, and he was afraid that we would be in danger. At length, however, he agreed to send us on with an escort of fifty soldiers. We went for some days without incident until we were near Draya, when it became necessary to ford one of the rivers.

This river, owing to the recent heavy rain, was very high, and when we had reached the banks we were told by the villagers that it would be absolutely impossible to ford it for perhaps another forty-eight hours, and then only in the event that there should be no more rain in that time.

We stopped for the night and the rain recommenced, but fortunately did not last long. The next day was bright and clear, but the flood showed no signs of abating.

We waited another night and the next morning we were awakened before daylight. There is an idea in the minds of Tibetans, whether true or not, that the force of the water is less just at daylight than at any other time. The whole party was out and ready to cross when day began to dawn. They had told us that it would be possible to cross when a small island of rock in the middle of the river would begin to show. I asked them if they could see the island. "Yes," they said, "you can see where it is, and we have made arrangements for you to cross."

Riding down to the bank of the river I saw a sight such as I had never imagined before. In preparation for our crossing the Tibetans had driven down from the mountains about a hundred yak which they had driven into the river and by the use of stones, which they threw at them, had forced them into a continuous string across the river with their heads up-stream. They were holding their own as best they could against the force of the flood, one occasionally being carried away for a few minutes but being driven back by people standing on the bank both above and below and throwing stones at them.

The yak were for the purpose of breaking the force of the rushing stream, and we crossed immediately at their tails, they holding their position with their hind feet and their noses sticking out of the water. It was a weird sight, and, although it was August, the frost had already come and the water was exceedingly cold, and we were chilled to the bone before we got across.

But that cold was as nothing compared to the necessity

of sitting down on the opposite bank and changing clothes.

However, the crossing was successfully accomplished, and no one was drowned, for which we were truly thankful. The following afternoon we arrived at Draya.

On arriving at Draya our first care was, of course, for the wounded. Work was begun the next day and continued daily until all necessary operations had been performed.

During the afternoons I was too tired to work further and all had been accomplished for the day that could be done. I strolled about the place seeing the sights. One sight which attracted my attention at once was a large iron cauldron sitting on three stones in the middle of one of the squares. As it had grease around its sides I asked what might be its purpose. The man whom I asked said, "Hush, I'll tell you what they use it for, but don't talk much about it because there are some folks that don't like to hear about it. That is where we cook Tibetans." And then gradually came out the whole gruesome story which came near causing me to have a fight.

Some ten days before, the Chinese Colonel commanding in this place had succeeded in capturing some forty-five or fifty Tibetans. He thought to make himself particularly feared by the Tibetans, so he decided to make an example of these persons. Three of them had one after another been placed in this cauldron in cold water, tied hand and foot, but with their heads propped up, and then a fire built under the cauldron and slowly the water was brought to a boil. The skeletons were lying bare on the stones near by, the flesh having all been eaten by the dogs. Others had had oil poured upon them and been burned alive. Others had their hands cut off and sent back as a warning to those from whom they came.

Others had been taken and, with yak hitched to each arm and each leg, had been torn in pieces.

We worked hard during the time of our stay and at the end of ten days, having left bandages and dressings with the Chinese doctor who was already there and who was provided with nothing at all, we began our journey home.

On the way back, before reaching Jangka, we were met by a caravan whose leader stopped us and asked us if we would please attend to a wounded man. I asked what the trouble was. He told me that they had been attacked by robbers a half-hour ago and that one of his men had been just about killed and was lying a short distance back in the road.

He went back with us and there we found a man along the side of the road with a long gash in his head. The knife had passed completely through the skull and the brain was throbbing in plain sight, the blade having turned and pried up a part of the skull.

There we were on the road, miles from any habitation. Nothing more could be done than simply to cleanse the wound and sew it up, which we did, and there at the side of the road we left the man lying on the grass.

We had to go on and leave him, but some months later I was rejoiced to see this same man again, active and going about his business, though with a great deformity on his head where the bone had been raised and had never been put back in place.

Such is some of the medical work that a doctor in this outpost, with no other doctor within seven hundred miles, is called upon to do.

XVI

BUILDING AND IRRIGATING

IN the securing of land Mr. Ogden had done almost all the work and had considerable difficulty. It seemed to be impossible to secure any land that was then in proper condition. The only thing that offered was a piece of waste land that no one else wanted, covered with graves, brush, rock, and in every way undesirable.

This land belonged to the Government, and they finally agreed that we might have it for the ordinary rental, or sixty ounces of silver. It was accordingly secured and before they had to come home Mr. Ogden and Dr. Hardy had the graves removed. But during the Revolution more had been buried there, though not very many.

It now became necessary to define the boundaries of this lot, which, after a long time, in the presence of the local official, was done, and stones for the marking of the same were put up.

There were to be erected two residences, the hospital, and some barns and outhouses. The next thing was to decide where these buildings should be located. Then we had to face the problem of securing a supply of water for the place. We considered for a time using an hydraulic ram, but after getting estimates as to the amount of water it would be able to lift and the probable cost, it was found that it would be in no way adequate.

We also considered putting up a battery of windmills

to lift the water a sufficient distance so that it would flow on to the land. After a thorough study it appeared that neither of these would answer the purpose. As a consequence, it appeared as if the only other alternative, that of a ditch, would be the only method by which we could secure the requisite amount of water.

We had been afraid the cost of this would be prohibitive, as after surveying with an instrument from the highest point of the land nearest inland where water could be obtained, a distance of about two miles, it was found that it would be necessary to carry the water in flumes for a considerable distance around perpendicular cliffs.

As there was nothing else to do we contracted for the digging of the ditch around the edge of the mountain, across gullies, and above the cliffs. The people would not enter into a contract for the putting up of the flumes, as they knew nothing whatever about such things, so it became necessary for us to do that ourselves.

This task was given over to Mr. Baker, and it was surprising in how short a time the ditch was constructed, and it was rather surprising, too, that it had cost no more money than it did. A thousand dollars had been given for the purpose. This was more than sufficient to construct the ditch; there was left enough in hand for maintenance for two or three years.

As soon as it became apparent that the ditch was going to be a success, the land adjoining that which had been granted us by the Government became, in the eyes of other folk, very valuable, and there was a rush to secure the same. Land was opened up on all sides, and while we had been allowed to build the ditch, the title for the same had been retained by the Chinese Government with the understanding that we, after building, should have

first water rights but that we should have no say as to what should be done with any superfluous water.

It was soon found that the ditch we had built, while sufficient for our own needs, was not sufficient also for all the additional land which had been opened up adjoining ours.

As a consequence, the owners of the land adjoining went in together and raised a fund for enlarging the ditch to about twice its original size. Another flume was laid at the side and now there is water for all concerned and, in addition to the nine acres taken up by the Mission, land adjoining sufficient for the maintenance of twenty families has been opened up.

The plans for the houses were drawn up subject to criticism by the Mission, and again redrawn and brought up for review, until at last a plan was secured which was adopted by the Mission as the one to be used in building our residences. This we considered to be an important thing, as it would obviate any misunderstanding that might arise in later years.

We had been greatly influenced both in the building of the hospital and in the erection of the dwellings by the recommendations of Mr. Clark, with whom I had a conversation on the way up river. Mr. Clark was a man who, on behalf of the London Mission, had given many years to the study of mission problems. One of his recommendations was that the native plan of house be used, so that with what improvements were able to be introduced, it would be to the people of the place an example and an incentive to improve their houses. He said that it was quite often the case that the introduction of a purely foreign house in a community rather discouraged than encouraged the people in improving their own, but that if the native form of house could

be used with such improvements as the Westerner was able to make use of in its construction, great advantage not only to the natives, but in the matter of cost, would be the result. We believed that his argument was well founded and we went forward in this way.

And so the hospital and the residences are of native construction, that is, the walls are of adobe, built somewhat more substantially than their own and with greater care, so the cracks do not appear. These walls are exceedingly strong and if protected thoroughly from water getting into the top of the wall, will last for untold years.

The contract for building the walls was given to a man who was said to be the best wall builder in the country. His reputation as to ability was correct, but a more dissolute old drunkard it was never my lot to see. However, he was quite strict with the rest of his crew and reserved to himself the privilege of getting drunk at all times whenever he might desire, which was almost every afternoon. In these circumstances it was a great trial to get the work forward, but he did good work.

I had many talks with the old fellow, trying to get him to quit the use of this thing which was killing him. But it was no use, and shortly after the completion of the walls he died very suddenly.

It had become necessary, also, while the walls were being built, that carpenters should be working preparing the window frames. These were made from the lumber that had been gotten out some years before and which was now well seasoned. In order to withstand the lateral and vertical pressure put upon them, these frames were made of four inch stuff.

The process of building was somewhat slow and tedi-

ous. It became necessary to prepare further timbers for the construction of the interior framework. I kept a force of fifteen or twenty men in the mountains getting out this timber. There was a force of about twenty carpenters, mud builders, cement makers, lime burners, plasterers, and what not.

Every problem that came up was a new one for me. I had had no training as a builder but by persistent study and effort the difficulties were overcome, and the work went forward.

In the time of building there was only one accident worthy of note. Two men who were working on the scaffold on the third story of the hospital fell when the scaffolding gave way, and one was killed. The other escaped with a broken arm. I regretted this more than I can say, but it seemed a thing that could not be foreseen, as the timbers which gave way appeared to be very strong.

At last the buildings were nearing completion. Fourteen years after coming to the field we were to have a new house. We had been quite comfortable in the native houses at times. We had, at other times, however, been somewhat uncomfortable, especially when during a rain lasting all night, the mud roof would suddenly give way and a flood of mud and water land on the bed in which we were sleeping. The houses have ample room to make any family very comfortable and at a very moderate cost.

The hospital is of sufficient size to accommodate fifty persons and in emergency could be made to accommodate as many more. Shortly before Dr. Hardy left for furlough it became possible to open the hospital. The finishing touches were added, the dispensary was moved in and the formal opening announced.

As is the custom in this country, quite a great many friends were invited to a dinner which, though not elaborate, was greatly enjoyed. The military and several officials, as well as several others, brought scrolls with complimentary sentiments written in white and gold on three large boards, extolling the virtues of the hospital and what it was able to do. These were hung in the guest room facing the entrance to the great yard.

Thus was built and put in commission the first hospital in the Tibetan country, and we hope and trust that it may be to these people all that is hoped for it.

XVII

ITINERATING

ONE year, just after Christmas, I decided that I would go to Adensi. This is the border town between the Chinese and Tibetan population of Yunnan occupying a position somewhat similar to that of Tachienlu, being the mart where Chinese and Tibetans exchange goods in a considerable quantity, and is both a starting place of the yearly caravans to Lassa, and also a place to which they return every winter after their long trip to the capital. These caravans are made up of people from different parts of the country to the east, southeast, and northeast, of Adensi, but this is the assembling point.

I started off down the Yangtze River just after Christmas, going down for the first half day to a place where it is possible to let animals rest while we go down in the skin boats. These skin boats, or coracles, are made by stretching the skin of yak over a framework of switches. While they are very light and very frail, still when properly loaded they will hold a considerable weight, and it is very much more pleasant to accomplish the half day journey floating swiftly down with the current in two hours, what it takes you some five or six hours to accomplish by road.

The second day we got out of the valley and up into the highlands. At that time of year it is very cold but the sun is usually bright and the air dry, so that it is

very pleasant. The third day out we arrived at Janiding. We had intended to go on to Tsonggnen but we found that it would put us in too late, so rather than have to travel after night we stopped there.

The next morning bright and early we were out on the road and toward nine o'clock were near the village where we should have stayed the night before.

We saw a great smoke arising and then some one said, "It looks as if some one's house is on fire." We rode on rapidly and when we came in sight of the village we found that the house of the headman, with whom we were to have spent the night, was a smouldering mass of ruins. We saw the people standing around apparently helpless, and rode up to inquire how it happened to burn. Although these people appear to be exceedingly careless with fire, using torches in going through the house at night and into the barn, it is remarkable how few are the fires.

On nearing the place we came suddenly upon the body of a man who had been riddled with bullets. We rode a little farther and found a young child who had been stabbed with a bayonet and thrown where it was lying. A little farther and near the door, was an old grandmother, whose body was partially burned, and so on and so on. Only one member of the household, a boy of fourteen years old, had escaped destruction. He had crawled under a grain box in the lower story and although in imminent danger of being suffocated and buried alive, had held his position until the worst was over and had thus been saved.

Some years before, this headman had been the instrument in the hands of the Chinese official of exterminating a family in a neighbouring town for, as the Chinese official had claimed, disloyalty to the Government. The

family had been wiped out with the exception of one son about twelve or thirteen years old. Curiously enough, the deaths in this case had been twelve, one member of the family escaping. The work upon which we were gazing now had been the work of a party led by the surviving son.

Such things are very common among the Tibetans, and are caused by the old feud spirit. It is incumbent upon the son to take up and carry on the feud of the family. If he does not, he is looked upon with aversion by his family and friends. There is now left in each of these families one son. Their only remaining business in life is the destruction of each other.

I talked later with the surviving son of this family which had just been destroyed. He was very calm about it. I asked him what his plans were, if he were not going to school, if he were not going to prepare himself for some position of usefulness. He replied, "I have just one business and one thing for which to prepare and that is to kill ———," naming the man who had led the party of destruction.

These feuds are pitiful things. Some of our friends in Batang are bound up in this way and as the years go on, unless they break the custom and the force of tradition that binds them, some who are now in their boyhood and are friends, on reaching maturity, must take up and carry forward old feuds whose origins are lost in the far distant past.

Going on, we arrived two days later at Yenjin (salt wells). There we spent two or three days looking over the salt wells and the methods and manner of manufacturing salt. This is a very important industry in this part of the country, for people come for many weeks' journey to buy this salt and to carry it far into the in-

terior, especially toward the north and northeast. The salt is obtained during the winter and early spring by taking the water from the shallow wells near the edge of the river. The water in these wells is very briney.

It is carried up on women's backs in kegs on to roofs built of mud in the shape of small boats. There the water is allowed to evaporate, which it does at a very rapid rate, the wind being up the valley, and during these months being very strong and very dry.

When the water has evaporated, it leaves a thin layer of salt on the floor. This is swept up, together with the dirt and rocks which come with it. This is taken and carried to the most remote parts of the country.

During my stay in Yenjin I was asked to be the guest of the Catholic priest. He is a young man, an Alsatian, and is very capable. I furnished him with vaccine for vaccinating some two hundred people; this he used to very great advantage.

The road after leaving Yenjin goes down the banks of the Mekong and in places is very dangerous, being sometimes built on stakes driven into holes bored in the stone, upon which are placed the planks which make the road, while fifty to one hundred feet below is the river.

The foolhardiness of some of the men in riding through some of these places instead of dismounting and walking was very great. Occasionally a man goes over, horse and all, and when he does there is just the plunk.

In Adensi I met a great many old friends whom I had known formerly in Batang. With Mr. Bu's help I did quite a few operations and I vaccinated a great many children. In all my travelling my first care in every village, no matter where, is that all sick should be attended to to the best of our ability. There was sta-

tioned here in Adensi a Frenchman, Mr. Perrone, a musk merchant. He had many times assisted us in business transactions for which we were very grateful. The greater part of the world's supply of musk comes from the eastern Himalayas.

In returning home to Batang we did not come by the same road but came across Tsali, the great pass which lies between Batang and Adensi, and which is about sixteen thousand feet high. This pass is missed by going the longer way round.

The night spent at the foot of the pass, sleeping out under the stars, although very cold was very pleasant, and the view the next morning from the top of the pass was one not to be surpassed.

After these trips, no matter whether long or short, as I began to get nearer home the stages gradually lengthened, and my mule appeared to be just as anxious to get home as I was, so that quite often we would get home one day or even two days before we were expected.

Home! It's the only place of rest in all the thousands of miles of mountain travel.

XVIII

MORE ITINERATING

IT now became my intention to make a trip far to the north of Batang to visit Jeykundo, the seat of a great annual fair or meeting place for traders from all over Tibet, far eastern China and Mongolia. This fair takes place annually on the fifteenth day of the fifth month. There opportunity is offered for getting acquainted with people from all over the country, and it appeared to me a desirable thing to go.

Accordingly, setting out with a good supply of medicines, instruments, and such literature as might be used, we started off. The first place of importance at which we halted was Peheu. I was there again almost a year later attending wounded men from the Tibetan and Chinese fighting.

The Chinese commander was very much exercised over the fact that I was there at all, as he feared that I might get hurt in the fight and asked that I return as quickly as possible to one of the strongholds half-way to Batang where I could operate in peace behind heavy walls. We were never molested, however, in any way and were treated with respect and courtesy by both Chinese and Tibetans.

It was while stopping at this place that I was the innocent cause of very great embarrassment on the part of one of the Tibetan headmen. There is, in this country, a very large marmot. This animal becomes very

fat at a certain time, and it appeared to us that the contention of the Chinese coolies, that it was very excellent meat, was well founded.

We decided that we would at least try it and I accordingly killed two and when we got in, Andru had skinned and cleaned them. After boiling them for a while, he had changed the water and then had boiled them almost all night. The next morning they were very, very tender and very good. While I was eating breakfast one of the headmen came in. I asked him to sit down and have breakfast with me. After some little persuasion he did so. I gave him a large piece of bread and a piece of this meat which disappeared very rapidly. I helped him a second time. This also went the same way. He had just finished the third supply when my teacher, who had been out, came in and seeing him eating marmot, let out an exclamation and said, "What in the world are you doing eating marmot?"

These marmots are considered to be the incarnations of Lamas, and during their long hibernations in the winter are supposed to be meditating on the doctrines of the Goddess of Mercy, and it is considered a very great sin to eat one of them.

This man had already eaten three large pieces but when informed by my teacher that he was eating marmot, his face was for the moment one of consternation; then remembering how good it was he had quickly recovered and said, "Well, it can't be helped now, so I might as well go on with the rest of it."

This idea of an animal praying and meditating is not confined to the marmot, but the cat, when she purrs, is supposed to be praying, and although she may kill a lot of birds, rats and other things, she is laying up merit by the many prayers which she utters. She is also re-

ceiving absolution for the sins of having killed a rat or a bird.

After we had left Peheu, we went directly up one of the highest passes in that part of the country. It was the ninth day of June and yet it was the heaviest snow through which I had ever passed. The snow on the far side of the pass was about four feet deep. We happened to be the first party over after the fall, and it was impossible to tell where the road ran.

I was in the lead and it being impossible for the mule to make his way without falling down, I dismounted and was wallowing through, leading the mule behind. My assistant, Mr. Bu, who was with me, was very reluctant to dismount and determined that he was going to ride through. His horse would struggle along for a few steps through the snow, when he would stop, stumbling over a snow-bank, and throw Mr. Bu over his head into the drifts. Mr. Bu would come up spluttering, wiping the snow from his neck and ears and face, but not to be deterred, would get on again only to have the performance repeated. It was only after repeated attempts and failures that he was forced to get down and plow through as I had done, utilizing as best he could, the slight path we had made. A mile below the snow ceased and we were again on bare ground.

That night we reached Hobo where are made the teapots, saddle fittings, sword scabbards and swords that are famous through all Tibet. Some of the teapots are really works of art and are very beautiful, being made of hammered brass or nickel or silver, and the trimmings are of a metal of a different colour from that of the bowl. If the bowl is white then the handle and spout will be yellow, and so on.

Two days later we arrived in Derge. Derge is the

ONE OF THE IMAGES IN YARA GONG TEMPLE

name of the Province, the capital of which is called Gonchin, which means great lamasery. There is located the other great printing establishment of eastern Tibet where are not only the blocks for printing the hundred and eight volumes of the Gangur, but also the blocks for the printing of the two hundred and sixteen volumes of the Tanjur, which latter are the commentaries on the former. There are here also blocks for the printing of several volumes on medicine. A few books of stories and a few volumes of history are also found there.

I made inquiries as to the cost of these and found that the cost of the Gangur, which is printed in red, is about twelve hundred rupees, and the cost of the Tanjur is about sixteen hundred rupees, which at the present rate of exchange is about six and eight hundred dollars, respectively.

We had been some four days in this place doctoring the people, distributing literature and being entertained, and were to leave early the next morning. We were not yet out of town when we met a man from Batang. He brought letters saying that Mrs. Baker was very seriously ill and stating that I should use my own best judgment about returning, saying that it would probably be too late or that she would be considerably better before I could return.

There was nothing else to do. The man had covered the ten days' journey in six days on foot. His feet were blistered and he was worn out and past going. I gave him money for the return journey, took the horse containing my bedding, a little food in my saddle-bags, and letting Mr. Bu, my assistant, and Gezong Ongdu, my teacher, resume the journey on as far as Chamdo, I began the return journey to Batang.

We travelled till far in the night, only stopping for a

few hours' rest and were on again before daylight. In this way we covered the distance, that had taken us almost two weeks coming, in four and a half days, arriving at Batang a little after noon where I was overjoyed to find that Mrs. Baker, under Dr. Hardy's care, was progressing very rapidly.

This is one of the things that makes travelling unpleasant, the constant fear that everything may not be well at home, and the time that it takes to receive and reply to a message from home.

XIX

VISITORS

DURING the years that have passed one of the great events has always been a visit from any European. Being so far from neighbours, it is very seldom that any one comes our way.

At Tachienlu we had visitors much more frequently, but in Batang, being eighteen days farther away, visitors were extremely scarce. One of the first visitors whose stay in Batang we appreciated very much, was His Highness the Nepalese Ambassador on his way to and return from Peking, when he went on his last journey taking tribute to the Chinese Emperor.

This tribute has been taken regularly every ten years for the last hundred and thirty years, following the invasion of Nepal by a Chinese army.

It was a great sight to see the caravan numbering some five hundred animals, the Ambassador's chair being carried by many men, he dressed in his robes of cloth of gold, a man running at the side of his chair carrying his long "hoo ka" or water pipe.

On his return journey he stopped for some days in Batang. During this time he visited us. He spoke English very well, and was a very pleasant man. He carried with him his own private musician, whom he very kindly had sing and play for us, and the weird songs and airs were very much appreciated.

The Er Kagi, or his lieutenant, liked to come and visit very well and, while he could speak but very little

Chinese and no English at all, we managed to get along quite well. He was a very large man of a very jolly disposition and took delight in showing us his purchases which he had made in Peking. The tribute which had been taken to Peking consisted of a great ivory tusk, saffron flowers, cloth of gold, jewels, and many other articles from Nepal and India, and in return the Chinese Emperor had sent to the Maharajah silks, satins, embroideries, carved beads, etc. The main business of the expedition, outside of conveying the tribute, seemed to be the trade carried on by the individuals themselves. His Excellency insisted on making presents to Mrs. Shelton and the girls. To Mrs. Shelton he gave the small elephant tusk which was afterward stolen during the Chinese Revolution.

At that time we were just preparing to leave for furlough and the Er Kagi wanted very much the fine setter which we had. She had, at the time, two small pups, which he placed in a basket and had them carried on a man's back, so that it was not difficult for him to persuade her to follow.

One of the visitors was Mr. Coles, the English Consul at Tachienlu, another Mr. Clements of the China Inland Mission, also Mr. Edgar who had formerly been in Batang in the China Inland Mission, Dr. Weigold of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Lewer and Miss Agar of the Pentecostal Union in Yunnan, Mr. Teichman, the successor to Mr. Coles in Tachienlu, as well as two or three French priests from the south.

There was always considerable difficulty at these times among the ladies as to who should have the honour of entertaining these visitors and, while the list seems quite extensive, yet when spread out over ten or twelve years there are not a great many.

There also lived in Tachienlu, Do Tusi, the former Prince of Derge who had been deposed and confined as a prisoner at Batang by the Chinese. He was treated very well and was given as a place of residence the home of the former Prince of Batang. He and his wife were frequent visitors in our home. He was at last allowed to return to Derge but on the capture of that place by the Tibetans, he was made a prisoner by them on the grounds that he had formerly helped the Chinese and was taken to Lassa, so that he is in disfavour both with the Chinese and the Tibetans. He was formerly very wealthy, as Derge was considered by the inhabitants of that Province to occupy most of the earth's surface under heaven.

The only remaining representative of the family of the second Prince of Batang is Gwa Tsen Gi, a young man not more than twenty years of age. He, with his family, consisting of father, mother, sister, and himself, had been transported to Chentu, the capital, where all but he had succumbed. He was finally allowed to return to Batang, but he had become so debauched and addicted to opium that he was not a man of much force of character. It was the effort of his friends to rehabilitate him and they came to me and asked me if I would make the effort to break him of smoking opium. I took him into the hospital and finally into my own home, where he stayed for more than a year. I succeeded in breaking him of the opium habit and he became quite influential. His family connections are of the very best. His mother was a member of the famous Hla Ja Ri family in Lassa. It is with great regret that I hear that he has again reverted to opium smoking and does not dare return to Batang for fear that he will be executed by the present Chinese officials.

XX

VISITING THE BAD LANDS

ONE time I determined to make a visit to the Bad Lands lying to the west of the Yangtze River and to the northwest of Batang. In order to get over into these lands it was necessary to go down the river a half day's journey and there cross in the Chinese boats.

Accordingly, all things having been prepared, in company with my teacher and my mule man, Andru, we set out, and crossing the river at Leh, we went directly up the mountain to stop for the first night at Shi Song Gong, a small village lying about two thousand feet above the Yangtze valley. Going on the next day we crossed one of the high passes into the grass lands and were among the nomads, where we also found herds of yak and sheep.

We had been joined at Shi Song Gong by a man of our acquaintance, who was taking advantage of the opportunity to accompany us over the Bad Lands on a hunt for some horses of his which had been stolen by the robbers.

These Bad Lands had been the home of robber bands from time immemorial. This man was decked out in all the finery of a Tibetan, having his long gun from the stock of which protruded the two horns that make the rest for the gun, a sword and charm box. These charm boxes are made of silver or nickel and contain a small additional piece of Lama's clothes, ceremonial scarfs, different kinds of medicine and charms, and are supposed

to protect the wearer from injury in any encounter that he may have.

On the second day out I asked the man what he was wearing that thing for and he replied, "You don't seem to know where we are going." I said, "Yes, I know where we are going all right, but that thing isn't going to do you any good." "Oh, yes, it will," he replied. "I have been shot at seven times and have never been hurt yet. The bullets can't go in. They will sometimes penetrate my clothes or make a black and blue spot on my skin but they never go in." "Is that so?" I asked. "What did that box cost?" He replied that they were very expensive, that one costing about one hundred and fifty rupees. So I said to the man, "Well, I'd like to have one if it will work, but I have never yet seen one that would work." He assured me that this one worked all right and I asked him if he would sell it to me, but I insisted that I should first try it to see whether or not it would work.

I said to him, "You stand out there and let me shoot at you once and if I can't hit you, you name your own price, because if the thing works it is worth any amount of money." Well, he didn't just know about that and rather demurred at my trying it on him. I said, "You needn't be afraid because I'll not shoot to kill you, but will only shoot you in the leg, and if I should happen to hit you I'll doctor you till you get well and do it free of charge."

He refused, however, to have the thing tried on him, but we finally came to an agreement that it should be tried on a goat. The bargain was that if I could not hit the goat he was to have his pick of my guns, which were three: two high power rifles and a repeating shotgun.

My teacher very excitedly called me off to one side and

said, "Why did you ever make such an agreement as that? He is going to take your very best gun. You needn't think he doesn't know which the best is, for he does, and he will take the best one you have." "Well," I said, "perhaps he won't get it." "Of course he'll get it, and it is a shame, because you'll never be able to get another one like it." I told him that now it was too late to be helped because the bargain was made, so I went up to one of the nomad tents and for two rupees succeeded in purchasing a goat, on which we tied the charm box.

I asked him now which gun I should use. He said, "You can't use that one," designating one of the rifles, "for that has nickel on the bullets, and this thing may not work against nickel. Let me see the ammunition for the other rifle." I showed it to him. That, too, was metal, so he declined to have me use that. Finally he said, "Use that one, as that shoots nothing but lead," and he designated the shotgun.

Well, it was only about ten seconds before he was gathering up the remains, for I had smashed the charm box as well as killed the goat. He was the most disconsolate man I had ever seen. He sat fingering over the different pills, pieces of cloth, etc., that had been contained in the charm box, the very picture of despair.

This story preceded us during all the journey of more than two weeks in these Bad Lands, but it was not until our return to Batang that anything further came of it.

One day Adam, one of my old friends in whose house one of the missionaries had once lived, came to me and asked if the story were true. I replied that it was true and still held. I had raised my offer to two thousand rupees for one of these charm boxes that would work. He asked me if I had that much money. As a matter of fact, I did not have, but I told him that I could secure

it all right, that I would sell my mule and my guns to secure it, because if one of these charm boxes could be found that would work, it would be priceless.

The trial was to be, as formerly, with a goat. But he stipulated that the trial should be held secretly, as there were some of his friends who were opposed to it, but he said that I had just as well begin to get the money ready because there was no chance of my hitting the goat with his charm box tied on him, and he proceeded to tell me the story of its wonderful power of protection.

To make doubly sure, however, on the morning of the trial he had gone to the high priest at Batang and had a ceremonial scarf especially blessed and breathed upon by this priest. Not satisfied with this, he had also gone to another big priest far up on the mountain and had him prepare one. These two scarfs, together with his charm box, were tied on the goat, and he felt sure that it would be utterly impossible for me to hit the goat with these two scarfs on it.

He brought four or five of his friends, and I took as many of mine for the trial. He had told me that I could not use my guns but would have to use his. His gun was one of the old eleven millimeter mausers. I replied, "All right, I have ammunition that will fit your gun." "Oh," he said, "but you can't use your ammunition." I asked why. "Well," he said, "you do some sort of 'hokus pokus' over that ammunition that may make this charm box uneffective, so you will have to use my ammunition as well as my gun."

I finally stipulated that he should bring plenty of ammunition, as I did not want them to play any tricks on me by removing the powder from the shells.

This was not attempted, however, and when all was ready I asked for the gun to examine it. He readily

passed it over. It appeared to be all right. I then asked for the ammunition. I put it in a shell and tried it on a small stone. I shot three or four inches high. Making an allowance for this, the next time it shot all right.

Everything was now ready and I asked them to place the goat. "Wait a minute," he said, "I want to have this bargain clearly understood." He called his friends up and asked me to repeat the bargain we had made so that all might hear, but I insisted that he repeat it. He said, "As I understand it, if you fail to kill the goat I am to get two thousand rupees." "That is right," I replied. The goat had no more chance than had the former one, and when the man was sorrowfully removing his charm box he was very discouraged and much bepuzzled. His friends began to chaff him and make fun of him. I said to them, "None of that, please, for this is a very serious matter," and going up to him I put my arm around his shoulder and said to him, "Adam, it is not with any intention of making fun of you or of ridiculing your religion, for a man's religion, no matter what it is, is to him the most sacred thing in the world. But you have some things in yours that are false, and you ought to get rid of them. These charm boxes are one of the false things."

He could not see it that way, but returning to the high priest, asked for an explanation of how it had happened when he had been assured that there was no chance whatever of failure.

Now it seems to be an impossibility to corner these priests. They always have an explanation, and here was his. He said, "The reason you failed is this; Ju Lama has got married." Ju Lama was one of the other big priests in Batang formerly mentioned. The priest con-

tinued, "Priests are not allowed to get married, and because Ju Lama got married our god is displeased with us. The Christians' God has him kadaoed (cowed) and has the upper hand, and it will be no use to have any more such trials while the priests continue to sin as they do, for our god will not help."

The journey into the Bad Lands was one of much interest, it being into a country where no white man had formerly gone. The people in some instances were very much afraid, but taken all in all were very hospitable and very kind.

We passed one day the shrine at which the robbers all would stop to worship when starting out on an expedition. This was a very high cliff at the foot of which incense was burned and prayers offered for the success of the party.

The road led up the Yangtze River, which there lies in a deep gorge with many valleys running in from the side, so that our progress in a lateral direction was very slow, being mostly up one hill and down another.

In some places the people, in transporting our goods, would not bring animals at all and when asked why, they said, "It is better to carry the goods because our yak or horses might fall over the cliff and be lost."

At one place where the party that had been transporting our goods had stopped, I was considerably astonished to see that the women were making their beds for the night out in the yard. The house was large, and there was no reason, so far as I could see, why they should not go into the house. On asking the reason I was informed that in this village it was the custom that, when a bride came into a house, no other woman was, in any circumstances, ever allowed to enter. As a consequence, when the women of the village wanted to visit, it was necessary

for them to assemble in some yard, as they were never permitted to enter each other's homes.

Polyandry, or multiple husbands, while by no means universal, is quite common in that district. The brothers of a family, sometimes as many as half a dozen, take one common wife. The wife occupies quite a respectable position in the home as compared with that occupied by women in some Oriental countries and, contrary to what might be expected, there is very little jealousy or strife among the husbands.

While travelling one day I was asked to stop to see a sick man who happened to be the elder of two brothers. They had one wife, and when I examined the man he was very ill and I told them that I could do nothing for him. The grief of the common wife and the other husband was very genuine. The elder brother in this relation is considered by the children as the father. The others are called uncles.

On arriving at the seat of government for this district, there was a Chinese official who was quite held in and surrounded by Tibetans. I was very courteously entertained, and stopped for a few days to doctor the numerous sick that came from the different villages.

On leaving, it was necessary to recross the Yangtze River, as we were going back into Batang from the north. The Yangtze there is a very turbulent stream and the only means of crossing is by coracles or skin boats. All animals must swim. The skin boats at this place are quite large, as they must be paddled by six men, for the water is very swift and it is necessary to get across as quickly as possible to avoid going down into the rapids below. The boats at this place seemed to be in a very bad state of repair, and it was a scary sight watching the crossing. Only very little luggage and two or

three men could be taken into the boat in addition to the six paddlers. By way of precaution we stripped and, getting in, tried to place our luggage so that it could be kept as dry as possible.

Water began coming in through holes in the bottom of the boat. My teacher was considerably excited and would put first one heel and then another over the holes where the water was spouting up. My poor old mule was led up on a steep bank just above the edge of the river and three men gave him a sudden push and in he fell. The end of the halter rope was held by one of the men in the boat. He went entirely under and when he came up let out a bray as if he thought his time had come. When we landed on the further shore it was necessary for them to go back and get Gway Gwang, our evangelist, who was to come the next trip.

We were not exceedingly wet, but he was not so fortunate. His clothing, tracts and papers and Bibles were all soaked and it was necessary to stop for more than an hour and rearrange things before we could proceed.

Some of the scenery in going up into the mountains again on this side of the river was very fine. A natural bridge, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high, was one item in it.

While returning, we saw two large wolves across the valley, and getting down from my mule and taking careful aim, I succeeded in killing one. The exclamation let out by one of the escorts at that time I had never heard before nor have I heard it since. It was this: "Well, it's no use. Whenever he draws down on anything with that gun, the horse is in the barn."

One of the things especially appreciated by the women on this trip were the small looking-glasses sent out as an advertisement by the Horlick's Malted Milk people.

I would give one to the hostess or perhaps to some woman who was in the party, and word of this would precede me always, and I would be very shyly asked during the next day for more by the women of the place into which we had come.

XXI

UNREST

CONDITIONS in Eastern Tibet now became very much strained. Chinese and Tibetans were at war again after a period of comparative quiet. This was due to different causes, depending upon the persons by whom they were set forth. If it was the Chinamen, the Tibetans; if it was the Tibetans, the Chinese were to blame. It became impossible for Chinese to travel in the country at all unless in sufficient numbers and well enough armed to protect themselves.

On many of my journeys I saw the graves in ones and twos along the road where at different times runners had been waylaid and slain for the sake of the gun and ammunition that they carried.

If a Chinaman wanted to travel in safety his best plan was to don just as few clothes as possible, carry nothing of value whatever, and walk. Otherwise he was liable to be killed even for the sake of the few clothes.

Not only was there war by the Chinese and Tibetans, but the Tibetans were often at war among themselves, one district fighting another. Reports were constantly coming into Batang, and merchants coming said that they had been attacked by robbers and asked protection.

In the effort to pacify the country the officials took the attitude that they should act in a conciliatory way toward the robbers. It thus came about that in negotiating with them, they would be given not only good terms

but considerable presents, in the effort to get them to behave themselves. This tended to enrage the law-abiding people, who were taxed unmercifully for the support of the army. They reasoned that it would be far better for themselves to turn robbers, as they would be able thus to obtain better conditions than they, as law-abiding citizens, could.

Everything that was done only seemed to increase the turbulence and violence all over the country. Human life was worth nothing at all, nor were the rights of property in any way respected. Advantage was taken of this condition by many of those having private grudges to wreak vengeance on those whom it was their desire to injure. The great and outstanding incentive to robbery was arms and ammunition, and the robbers became so bold that at one time they would attack the garrisons of the small forts surrounding Batang at night, and on two different occasions killed some of the men and succeeded in getting away with a few guns.

One of the chieftains who had been perhaps more lawless than any of the others was apparently pacified and was brought into Batang as a guest, where he spent his days and nights going from one place to another drinking and gambling. He was so much feared by the people that he was treated with extreme respect and all kindness.

This condition of affairs is only a part of the great unrest that seems at this time to be spreading over not only all Asia, but also over the whole world. Murmurings are heard on every side. Even the Tibetans themselves, when they have been freed from Chinese rule, complain very bitterly at the exactions of their own officials. This cannot be done openly for fear of instant punishment, but in talking with any one whom they consider a friend

and who will not betray their confidence, this bitterness crops out at all times.

It was constantly being reported in Batang that fresh troops were being sent from down in China and great were the promises of punishment for the Tibetans when these troops should arrive. They have, however, even in two or three years, failed to materialize. Now when any one speaks of new troops coming he is laughed at and told that perhaps they will come sometime during the next generation.

Smallpox had come again with its great toll of death and suffering. The people of Batang and surrounding communities had become during the year more and more convinced of the efficacy of vaccination and it was not so difficult this time to persuade them. My assistants and myself were kept busy making vaccine and sending more out to the different surrounding villages in answer to calls that were constantly coming in.

There is an unwritten law in the villages that if any one is to be vaccinated, all must be vaccinated. Should any one take it into his head to be vaccinated or to have his family vaccinated before the others had given their consent and agreed also to be vaccinated, he would get into serious trouble.

Many were urged by the priests upon casting lots that it would be best for them not to be vaccinated. In Batang there were thus two classes—those who were, and those who were not vaccinated. Gezong Ongdu, my teacher, summed up the results very accurately one day when he said, "Well, it's no question any more about vaccination. Those who cast lots are dead; those who are vaccinated are still alive."

Gezong Ongdu has become an expert with Mrs. Shelton in the last few years in translation work. She has pre-

pared, with his help, a song-book of some one hundred and fifty of the best hymns of the church, with music, and twenty kindergarten songs. Also a book of thirty-two of the best stories for use in the schools, and what is perhaps as greatly needed in a general way, a combined geography and astronomy showing the relations of the earth and the heavenly bodies. These are now ready for publication and are greatly needed in the church and school work; also a translation of Esther.

A peculiar sadness comes over the little community, isolated far in the interior, when one of the number is called to pass on. Little Bobby Baker was laid to rest with his little sister, little Jimmie Ogden and Dr. Loftis, in our little God's Acre in Batang.

XXII

WAR NEGOTIATIONS

THINGS were getting desperate. One afternoon the Commanding General asked me to come to his place as he wished to see me. When I went he warned me that the Tibetans were making constant inroads on the Chinese, that the garrison at Chamdo was completely surrounded and cut off, that Draya had fallen, and that Jangka had been taken by the Governor of Lower Kham. It was reported that he would be down to take Batang within a few days, so that he, the General, could no longer protect us, as he had neither the men nor the arms nor provisions with which to offer any great resistance. He further said that he thought it would be better for us to leave at once, and asked what we were going to do.

After discussing the matter we, as a Mission, decided that we would stay. He seemed to be considerably surprised that we were going to stay, and our decision had the effect of calming the somewhat hysterical feeling that was getting to be prevalent among the people.

"Well," he said, "if you're going to stay, would you mind going over to see if some arrangements can be made by which an armistice can be arranged until the Chinese–Tibetan affairs can be finally settled by means of negotiation?" I replied that I would be glad to do all I could, and two days later, in company with my teacher and the two headmen of the place, we started out.

We were besieged on every hand and asked to please do our best to keep war from coming to Batang. After reaching the border, some three days from Batang, we established ourselves in an old house and wrote letters across to the Governor asking if we might come.

There were stationed in this village a small garrison of some twenty-five soldiers, who were very greatly alarmed at the news that was constantly filtering through and were fearful that any night they, too, might be taken. They asked us to procure a man and send him across to find out the actual state of affairs, and whether or not Jangka had fallen into the hands of the Tibetan Governor.

This was done, and one night about midnight he returned saying that it was all true, that the Chinese who had been killed were many, that many more had been taken prisoners, and that a band of Tibetan soldiers had been that day at the top of the pass and were momentarily expected.

I reported this to the Captain in charge, who became panic-stricken and asked that I help in procuring animals to take them two days nearer Batang and across the Yangtze River. I assisted as best I could, and animals were promised to take them on in the morning.

At three o'clock I was again awakened by two soldiers standing at my bedside and asking me to please get up and see what could be done, as no animals had arrived. I dressed and went out into the night with Gezong Ongdu and we did not go back to bed until an hour and a half later, but we had seen the women and children, wives of these soldiers, loaded on to yak, horses and mules, and all on the way in a very terrified frame of mind.

The next afternoon word came from the Governor in a very curt letter in which he said that if we cared to

come out we could come. We were not greatly encouraged by the tone of the letter, but made preparations to go on the following morning. However, at five o'clock the next morning a letter came by special runners from the General at Batang saying that there were other things to be considered and before going on would I please come back to Batang for further conference. Two mules were at once saddled and with one of the men who was with me, we started for Batang, three days distant.

We travelled hard, with no stop but for a few minutes at noon for the mules to eat a bite of grain, and just as dark was coming on we reached Batang and spent the fore part of the night getting additional instructions, slept for two hours and started on the return journey and reached our post just as the sun went down.

The following morning, everything having been arranged, we proceeded on our journey and two days later were met on nearing Jangka by one of the headmen in the employ of the Government. He said that provision had been made for a place where we might stay, and, on entering the place, we found its streets absolutely crowded with a great horde of the unkempt and dirty nomads all dressed in the sheepskin clothes and all carrying the old firelocks of the country.

It was a weird sight to see these hundreds of men all massed there before the Governor's residence. In striking contrast to this were the smart uniforms and arms of the soldiers from Lassa.

We were escorted to our stopping-place and a short time later were informed that the Governor would see us. We went over and were received in a very frigid manner. He was, however, scrupulously polite to me. I had a chair and a place of honour at one end of the table,

which he bade me take. He took the one at the other end and very unceremoniously told the priests that they could sit on the rugs on the floor at the other side of the room. "Well, now," he said, "for what have you come?" I told him that I had come at the instance of General Liu to see if there was not some way by which an armistice could be arranged until the Chinese-Tibetan affairs could be finally settled by diplomacy. I furthermore told him that on our own behalf and from our point of view it was deplorable that any of our friends both on his side and also among the Chinese were being killed, and for the sake of humanity I would like very much if it could be arranged so that there need be no more fighting.

"Well," he said, "that can be arranged very easily." I replied that I was exceedingly glad to hear it and asked what he would suggest. He replied that if General Liu would simply surrender all his arms and ammunition that not one of his men would be killed and they would be given safe escort to Lassa. This was peace with a vengeance. I told him that that would be impossible, that General Liu would thus be endangering his own life by surrendering, and that furthermore I had no orders to negotiate on any such lines, but that I was there simply for the purpose of getting them together, at which time they could talk out their own terms. He replied that there was no other way. I said that I was very sorry but if that was all that could be done there was nothing more to be said, and I told him that if he would arrange for animals for us we would be going back in the morning.

" Oh," he said, "don't be in a hurry; let's talk some more about it." The fact of the matter was that the Tibetans were just as anxious to negotiate as were the

Chinese. After an endless amount of talking, running far along toward midnight, he made this proposition, that I should put in writing what I had said and submit it to the Galon Lama, Commander-in-Chief of the Tibetan forces then stationed at Hlotsong, one month's journey to the west. That he would also write a letter and send it with mine and that he would abide by the decision of the Commander-in-Chief, whatever that might be, and that I should wait here for the answer to this letter.

I asked if I were going to have to wait for two months until an answer came to these letters and he replied, "Oh, no, the man will be back in twelve days, during which time I will make no move against Batang."

At three o'clock in the morning the letters were ready and the man started on his way with the instruction that he should be back in twelve days or it would go hard with him. He came in about midnight the night of the twelfth day. The answer was very gratifying, the Galon Lama saying that he was glad to know that I was interested in seeing the fighting stopped and that now whatever I should say would go.

I explained to the Governor that I was in no position to say anything, that I was simply there in order to try to get the Tibetan and Chinese representatives together and let them make their own terms.

Time went on, and day after day General Liu promised to come time after time, but from one cause or another he was hindered till it began to appear as if he was not going to come at all. At last, however, I wrote him a letter stating that it appeared that he was not coming and that should he not be there by a certain time, my companions and I would return to Batang.

This had the desired effect and a few days later he ar-

rived and was very graciously received with all honours by the Governor.

During the time, almost two months, which I spent at Jangka, I was constantly kept busy doctoring. Soon after our arrival I had been to the country one morning seeing a wounded patient and coming back I saw quite a crowd of men in a little grove near by and heard a great volley of shots. I supposed that they were target shooting and wondered why all the shots should be at one time. A few minutes later I saw that it was nothing of the kind, but simply a firing squad of some thirty or forty men and, that there might be no mistake or chance of a miss, all were provided with ball cartridges.

As a consequence, the victim looked like a pepper box, being hit in all parts of the body. A few minutes later the Governor was back in his place conducting further trials. In these trials, sentences and punishment were simultaneous. There was no stay of execution.

He cut off three hands of men whom he considered to be traitors. The hand would simply be pulled out and with one slice of the sword severed at the wrist. Friends of the men who were on trial, knowing or suspecting that such punishment might be meted out, always provided themselves with a bowl of boiling butter in which the stump of the arm was at once plunged and cooked to stop the flow of the blood.

I was kept busy all day caring for these people. First, however, I went to see the Governor and asked him if there were any objections on his part to my attending to them. He said, "Not at all. When I get through with them you can do as you like."

During this long wait in Jangka there was another man who also was waiting. He was the head of one of the great robber bands and had come to the Governor

and asked that he be allowed to take Batang. I protested to the Governor and told him that these people knew nothing of how to treat a place when captured, but would utterly destroy lives and property. The Governor told him to just keep his hands off, that when he got ready to take Batang he would take it himself.

This man used to come over to visit me during our long wait and I would go and visit him. After a time we came to be very good friends. So he said to me one day, "Why not let you and me be brothers?" They have the custom in that country that when men are very good friends, they sometimes write a paper pledging themselves to mutual help and aid through life and declaring themselves brothers. I replied that I couldn't do that and he wanted to know why. "Well," said I, "in the first place, you kill people, and you rob, and you drink whiskey and do a great many things that are against our religion." I told him that we had come over here to do good, to help save life, instead of doing wrong and destroying.

This made him a little angry; he didn't like it very well and he went away. Some two or three days later he came back and said, "Well, what *will* your religion allow you to do?" This gave me a good opportunity, so I gave him our conception of Christ's teaching. Two or three days later he came back and this time he was all smiles. "Oh," he said, "I've got it fixed now all right." I asked what had happened and he told me he had been up to the high priest that morning and had taken an oath that he would not kill, he would not rob, he would not drink whiskey, etc. I said, "Well, that is fine—I am glad to hear it." He questioned, "That's all right, is it?" I told him of course it was. "Well

then," he said, "how will this do?" He reached in his gown and pulled out a paper. He had our contract all written up. It ran somewhat in this fashion: "In view of the fact that General Lozong (he called himself a general) and Dr. Shelton have taken an oath that they will not kill, that they will not drink whiskey, etc., and they have decided to be brothers, etc.," and toward the close he finished with this sentence: "Furthermore, this is to give notice that if any of you ever molest Dr. Shelton I'll bring a thousand men to wipe you off the face of the earth." This was a pretty good passport in that country, and here is the sequel. A year and a half later, just before leaving Batang, I received a letter from Lozong, some six or seven days to the west, in which he said after inquiring for my health and that of my family, "This is to inform you that I am strictly keeping my oath of a year and a half ago."

The Governor and I had many friendly discussions during these two months on all matters, and at last we got to the place where we could disagree violently with no danger to either. At one time he asked me what were my intentions, what I wanted to do later. I replied that I would like to go to Lassa, build a hospital, take some fifty or sixty Tibetan young men from different places over the country and teach them medicine for five or six years and let them go back to their own homes where they might be of great service to their fellows. He replied that that would suit him fine, but he said, "I am not in a position to agree that you can go because I am under the Dalai Lama and no one but the Dalai Lama can give you this permission." I replied that I had been trying and trying to write him for several years but could find no one who would take the letter; every one seemed to be afraid. He said, "You

write the letter and I'll see that it goes, and I will send it with my endorsement."

After much painstaking care with my teacher, the letter was ready and sent forward. Some four months later the reply came. It is, so far as I know, the only letter ever written by the Dalai Lama to a missionary. It runs somewhat after this fashion: "I know of your work and that you have come a long way to do good, and, so far as I am concerned, I will put no straw in your way, providing there are no foreign treaties to prevent your coming."

XXIII

CHAMDO

THE condition of the prisoners in Jangka was sometimes pitiable and sometimes, knowing the men as I did and their years of rascality and oppression of the Tibetans, was rather gratifying than otherwise; especially did the imprisonment of the former magistrate awake in me no sense of pity whatever. He had oppressed and mistreated the people and stolen from them in a great way. His stealings had all been taken from him and now he was nothing but a baby and he acted like one. I could not, however, be sorry for him, though perhaps I ought. During the time that we were there he succeeded in bribing one of the underlings to prevent his being sent to the interior. A part of this bribe was borrowed from one of the men who was with me. Later on, after his release, he absolutely denied having borrowed the bribe, which increased my already low regard for him.

On the arrival of the General from Batang I was anxious to get away at once, as I had been gone almost two months. Toward the last Mrs. Shelton had become quite concerned, fearing that I might not get home at all, and had begun to make it quite unpleasant for the General. The Governor insisted that I stay a day or two and assist him and the General in getting started on their negotiations, and a further armistice of two months was agreed upon.

Before this was passed Mr. Eric Teichman, the Brit-

ish Consul at Tachienlu, had been sent up to act as mediator, and a further armistice of one year was arranged, during which time it was hoped that they might be able to settle amicably all differences and fix permanently the status of the Tibetan people.

The year has passed and gone. The armistice has been extended because of the unsettled state of the country and the lack of any central power with authority in China. No permanent arrangement can be made until there is such a settled power in Peking. After a day of visiting with the Governor and the General, we started on our return trip to Batang, where we arrived without further incident. We were met by the local official and many of the people, who considered that we had been instrumental in saving Batang from destruction.

I had been home but a few days when I received a letter from Mr. Teichman from Chamdo, stating that he was writing in behalf of the Galon Lama, who asked that I come up at once in order to care for the wounded in the recent fight.

Preparations were quickly made and with Mr. Bu as my assistant and with the son of the former Prince of Batang, who was now living with us, we started off.

Three days later we met Mr. Teichman, who was returning temporarily to Batang on his way to the town of Adensi, to await further instructions. I had a great caravan, as the Galon Lama and the Governor had both acceded to our request in allowing many non-combatants to accompany me out of the country.

Mr. Teichman informed me of the present state of negotiations and said that he hoped that arrangements could be made for a permanent peace.

Arriving at Jangka, we were very graciously and kindly received and implored to stay over for a few

days to visit, which was impossible. It was very gratifying, however, to find that the Governor and Gwatsengi, son of the former Prince of Batang, were related by family ties. The Governor thanked me for what I had been able to do for Gwatsengi and asked me to continue my care of him.

At the feast, which is the invariable accompaniment of any good time in the Orient, there were with the Governor two of his lieutenants, one of whom had not formerly been to a feast served in Chinese fashion and who was unacquainted with several of the dishes and also with the etiquette.

The fashion at a Chinese feast is to have watermelon seeds passed around, a small pile placed at the side of each plate. These are used to pass the time. You crack them with the teeth and eat the kernel.

The General was an expert at this. He would sometimes toss as many as five or six watermelon seeds in his mouth at one time, skilfully cracking them one by one with his teeth, removing the kernel and blowing the hulls from his lips. The lieutenant, seeing the General thus engaged, decided that he too would eat watermelon seeds, and proceeded to throw some into his mouth. He heard the crack of the seeds but did not know that the kernel was removed and the hull thrown away, so he proceeded to masticate the hull and all.

The next day we were on our way with one man sent by the Governor who acted as advance agent, going on ahead every day, securing lodgings and preparing for our comfort. It was the only time for years that I had been permitted to travel unaccompanied by an escort.

Ju Lama, who had been with me during the negotiations in Jangka and had been retained by the General

BAPTIZING GWAY-GWANG AND MR. MacLEOD OFFICIATING

on his arrival, asked and received permission to accompany me on the journey to Chamdo.

After a stop of one night at Draya, where I had been some years before to care for the wounded and had seen the results of the ruthless treatment of Tibetans by the Chinese, we went on and on and the tenth day from Batang got into Chamdo.

Here we were met some two miles from the town by a Captain sent out by the Galon Lama to receive us. As we got nearer the town we were met by many other folk, among them the prisoners. They were not confined in buildings and were allowed to roam around at will except that they were not allowed to cross the bridge on the road leading toward China.

A little farther on just as we were entering the town, there was lined up the most pitiable group that it had been my lot to see—the wounded prisoners. Such of them as were able to drag themselves out had come and lined themselves at the side of the road to show their respect.

Soon after arriving, the Galon Lama sent word that he would be glad to see us at any time. We went over and were received in a very kind manner by the old man whom we found to be a man of considerable ability and great shrewdness. He also was glad to see Gwatsengi, having been acquainted with his mother before her coming to Batang. He asked, now that we were here, what would be our plans, stating that he would do all in his power to further them.

After outlining to him what would be needed the following morning when we expected to begin work, he called the Captain and asked me to repeat these things to him, which I did. It was enough to appall him because it included the building of a stove, the securing of

great iron kettles for heating water, the securing of tables and benches for operating, and many other things too numerous to mention. When I had finished the Galon Lama said to him, "See that everything is ready before daylight." It was.

We had been invited to dine with the Galon Lama and in the meantime I went on a tour of inspection to see the wounded who were housed in three different buildings on beds of straw, rotten, stinking, not a wound less than two months old. It was one of the worst propositions that I have ever had to undertake. We began with the worst and for ten days, beginning between seven and eight in the morning, I operated as long as I was able to stand up, being assisted by the three men who were with me.

At the end of this time we were through with the operations with the exception of two. There were two that were hopeless. Their friends, however, insisted that they should be operated on. I finally consented to present the case to Galon Lama and abide by his decision. When told of the conditions he absolutely refused to let me touch the men, saying that so far everything had gone well and that, so far as he and I were concerned, we would know that it was all right if these men should die on the table, but there would be a great many others who would not know the circumstances, to whom it might appear otherwise, and he therefore forbade my operating. One of them died before I left and the other shortly after.

It was the custom of the Galon Lama, during the time we were there, every day at about two o'clock when we were finishing the work, to send the Captain with his compliments, saying that dinner was ready whenever we were, and a good part of the afternoon, from two

o'clock on, was spent at his place discussing the various problems that came up constantly and conditions all over the world. We also discussed religion and I found him a very tolerant Buddhist to whom you could talk freely and from whom you could expect courteous treatment.

There were several things during this stay which were very gratifying. One was the humane treatment accorded to the Chinese prisoners, which was so contrary to the conditions that had formerly existed that it was very noticeable. The Galon Lama was very jealous of his reputation for justness and in some cases carried it somewhat too far.

I found that very much of this changed attitude was due to the Younghusband expedition to Lassa in 1905. I met one captain who had been in the fight at Gyangtse. He said, "Do you know, those English soldiers, when they caught me, found that I had been very seriously wounded. I expected that I would be killed but I was not. They took me and put me on a bed and a man came and tended to my wounds. They took care of me until I was well and gave me good food, and not only that; when I was well they let me go and also gave me a little money to go home on." This was so in contrast to any treatment to which they had ever been subjected, that it made an indelible impression on the whole country.

He also said that not only would the English not loot any of their monasteries, but that they paid for all supplies. The Galon Lama is trying to emulate the lessons learned at that time.

When the time came to return, on the evening of the last day, and we were saying good-bye to the Galon Lama, he had brought out two large wine vases which are only made in Chamdo. These are made in a very

beautiful shape, of pig iron, in which figures have been cut with a chisel, almost completely covering them, and in these notches thus made by the chisel are laid gold and silver wire which are then beaten in and the whole smoothed down, making a very beautiful pattern.

These he presented to me together with three hundred rupees to help pay travelling expenses. He also gave to each of my assistants a parcel of money and expressed to us his very great appreciation of what we had done.

On leaving I said to him, "Well, there are many things upon which you and I have agreed and I want to make you a proposition." He said, "What is it?" "This," said I, "that from this time forth you and I give the best effort of our lives for the good of our brother men." He replied, "I can accept that with my whole heart."

XXIV

OPIUM

THAT night there was practically no sleep, as people were coming all through the night. They had been here before wanting to go out with us. Some had secured permission and some had been refused. One man, whose wife we had known in Batang, and who was with him here in Chamdo, had been promised by one of the underlings that he could go. He had, however, been very injudicious in giving his presents and had not spread them around sufficiently. As a consequence, the next morning when it came time to go, he was detained. His wife was in despair but nothing could be done.

The Captain who had been selected to supply all our needs while we were in Chamdo told me that he had one son who was in London studying military tactics. One of the officers here in the army is Mongol, who had been in several of the capitals of Europe, in Egypt, Mesopotamia, China, and Japan, and said that he hoped yet to go to America.

I found two or three who could speak a little English. Two of them had cameras and the Galon Lama had a phonograph. This latter, however, was formerly property of the Chinese General whom he had captured.

On my return to Batang I found that General Liu and Mr. Teichman had just left for Chamdo in preparation for the negotiations. Some weeks later I received a

letter from Mr. Teichman in which he said that the Galon Lama had been very much humiliated and angered by a dispatch from Lassa in which he had been informed that he was accused of having taken me prisoner, and that inquiry had been made from Peking through the Indian Government to the Galon Lama, asking for a report on the same.

I wrote to the Galon Lama in answer to this accusation, stating that I had had the pleasure of being his guest for some days and that I had never, at any time, received more kind and courteous treatment than had been accorded me in that territory, and regretted very much that any such report should have gotten abroad when the fact of the matter was that just exactly the opposite was true.

The Galon Lama was very much pleased to receive this letter, especially in view of the fact that he is very jealous of his reputation for kind and just treatment to every one.

Christmas in Batang is a very happy time of the year. We make the most of all birthdays, Christmas, the Fourth of July, etc. This Christmas we arranged to feed the poor; that is, to give them one good meal, because there are some people who, from one year's end to another, never know what it is to have a sufficiency of good food.

This year when we came to serve those who had come, there were seated in the sunshine (for it is warm in the middle of the day in front of the hospital), three hundred and eleven of the poor. They were given a good meal, all they could eat, good beef, several kinds of vegetables, and a generous supply of tsamba which they might take home.

Fifteen years ago when I adopted the two young boys

who had started out to be beggars, I had not dared hope for the present results. Gway Gwang had been through many years a constant trial and it was thought at times that I had made a mistake in adopting him, but he has developed, under the tutorage of Mr. Ogden, Mr. Baker and Mr. MacLeod, into a really great preacher. During the last year he has been pastor of the church and under his guidance it has been doing wonderfully well.

We were almost ready to leave now and there was a class of about forty who were ready to be baptized. Amongst these forty were my own two girls, Doris and Dorothy. I think it was perhaps the greatest day in my life when I saw this boy, who had once been almost a beggar, take my own two daughters down into the waters of baptism. He is very short; they are tall. Almost every one who was baptized was larger than he was. He did the work beautifully but in order that one or two might not be lost, Mr. MacLeod assisted. It was a great day and things are going along as they never have before.

The school has far outgrown its present quarters and a new building is required.

Last spring there came to Batang, in the planting of opium, what appeared to us to be the greatest menace that had ever come our way. A company of men had decided that it would be a great thing if, instead of using money to buy opium in Yunnan, opium could be raised in Batang, and thus the money be left at home.

It was done very quietly and I had no inkling of the matter until one day I saw a man planting something which appeared very strange to me. I asked him what he was doing. He said he was planting opium. I asked him if he did not know that this was against the law.

"Well," he said, "the official has given us permission to do it, and we're doing it." I asked if he had gongsi (official written permission). He said no, that they had been told that they didn't need it.

I went at once to the official and asked him if he had given these men permission to plant opium. He denied that he had, but he looked very suspicious. I asked that he use his influence to prevent the consummation of such a thing because it would mean ruin to many of the young men and boys in the community who, while opium was dear, would not be tempted to try it and thus get the habit; but should it become common in and around Batang and should it be obtainable in exchange for wheat and barley and other things, as it inevitably would be should it be raised there, it would become a great menace to all young men.

He promised his assistance and I went away hoping that the thing would be finished in a few days. As time went on he appeared very reluctant to take any steps, but finally he was persuaded to issue a proclamation forbidding the planting of any more and ordering that that already planted should be torn up. Getting the opium torn up was long, hard work, as those who had planted it were very reluctant to destroy what already promised to be a profitable crop.

But by dint of persuasion and talks most of it was destroyed, until there remained, so far as I was able to find out, but two fields, one the property of the banker and one the property of a merchant on the street. They were both very unwilling to tear up their fields of opium, and wanted to know if there was any way by which I could be persuaded to let it alone. I told them there was just one way, that was to hire some one who was interested to shoot me. They said, "No, no, no." I

told them that under no conditions would I give up my opposition to this thing. Finally, seeing that it was impossible to get it all up without radical measures, I went to the official and told him I was very sorry but I would have to report him to his superior for allowing opium to be grown in Batang, but that it couldn't be helped and that although he and I were friends of many years' standing I would have to do so because I could not consent to see the opium grown in the district without using every effort in my power to suppress it. I said to him, "I have not been trying to persuade you to do something that is not your duty but, on the other hand, have been trying to get you to do that which will be of incalculable value to the people of your jurisdiction." He pretended to be very angry at those who had not obeyed his command and destroyed the opium. Perhaps he was so. At least during the afternoon he sent men and had these two men put in chains and led down through the middle of the street in shame to the jail and their remaining fields of opium destroyed. Thus was the last poppy pulled up. Batang is, for one year at least, saved from this curse.

These men were let out in a few days and I rather think that I have made no permanent enemies by the course taken, though there was quite intense feeling at the time. I went to the men personally and expressed to them my regret that it had been impossible for the matter to be solved in any other way, as they were not inclined to heed the proclamations of the official. They said, whether true or not, that they didn't blame me but if they ever got a chance they would get even with the official for at first having given his consent and later withdrawing it.

Shortly before we were to leave for furlough the Gov-

ernor, knowing that that was our intention, sent a man from Jangka carrying an invitation to the whole family to come and visit him before leaving. He was to escort us up. He had written several times previously concerning this matter. Mrs. Shelton felt that she could not go as she had still some of the translation work which must be finished, so Mr. MacLeod and the two girls and myself accepted.

A five days' journey on horseback brought us to his place. The girls were quite scared at first on seeing two hundred soldiers come out to meet us. We dismounted to walk through the lines drawn up on each side of the road and were quite surprised when, just entering the line, to hear the command given in English, to present arms.

We had a fine time and made many good friends. The Governor and his wife, who had now joined him, were constant in their attentions and met us at the door of the place where we were to stay to show us to our quarters. A little later a man came over and asked me to please sit down in the door. I was somewhat puzzled but complied and there came some fifteen men bearing presents from the Governor.

First, a man bringing about thirty or forty pounds of butter, another with twenty pounds of tea, two more bearing whole carcases of mutton, another with a quarter of beef, another with a keg of honey, another bearing a leopard, wolf, and fox skin, another with a box of rice, the next a bag of flour, the next a bag of tsamba, bags of barley for the mule, and so on.

This puts one in a very embarrassing position. Missionaries' salaries are not on the scale that allow them to give presents in such profusion. It could not be refused, however, and we returned the compliment, which

was also repeated for Mr. MacLeod, by taking the pictures of the Governor and his wife, his staff, in all sorts and kinds of conditions and sending him a set of the prints on our return to Batang.

We spent a week there and had a great time as well as being able to be of service doctoring those who were sick. Every day we went for a visit, which lasted from about two o'clock in the afternoon, to hear the phonograph and the bagpipes and to see the Governor's wife dance, which she did for our amusement.

The second or third day we were there Mr. MacLeod and I arose at a much earlier hour than those whom we were visiting and were playing a game of checkers while waiting for the other folks to get up. It got to a very critical point in the game when suddenly Mr. MacLeod exclaimed, "There's the pipes." I said, "What's the matter? Come on, what are you going to do there?" He very unceremoniously closed the game and replied, "I don't care what you do; don't you hear the pipes?" I said, "That is just some Chinaman playing the flute. Come on and finish the game." He said, "You can't fool me," and out he went, and sure enough it was the pipes, the Governor having sent to Chamdo and brought down its piper for our amusement.

The Tibetans have adopted the Scottish bagpipes as their national instrument for the military. This man could play "The Cock of the North," "The Campbells are Coming," and so on, with great skill.

Mr. MacLeod also tried to play the pipes but the altitude being more than twelve thousand feet, he was unable to furnish enough wind and was forced to give it up. He was not to be outdone, however, so he persuaded the Tibetan to do the blowing while he did the fingering and the music went merrily on.

In one of his bursts of enthusiasm he said, "I'm blood kin to these people."

When it came time to leave the girls were the most reluctant of all. They wanted to stay, and even after we returned to Batang were determined that we should make one more trip to Jangka before starting home.

Having been born in this land and growing up with these people they understand them as we, who are grown up, never can; and Doris, at the age of fifteen, when she left, gave up a Sunday School class of about one hundred and twenty with very great reluctance.

XXV

GOOD-BYE

THE time was now definitely set for our departure and it was necessary that the Society should be wired and everything made ready far in advance to prevent disappointment when the time should come. Most of our things had been packed, that is, such as were to be brought home. Very little, if anything, that had originally come from America was to be taken home, but things which had been acquired during our stay in Batang that would be useful at home, and which were associated with our work amongst Tibetans, were to be brought. Our other belongings, such as cook-stoves, dishes, etc., were to be disposed of to the other missionaries.

A great many of Mrs. Shelton's pictures were used for decorating the men's ward, which she furnished in memory of her father. Furniture also was put in the large room given over to the fifteen little orphans that have been taken in and constitute a part of Mrs. Ogden's large family.

People were constantly bringing presents of one sort or another, as is the Tibetan custom when friends are leaving, to show their good will. Many of the presents were eatables so that we might be well fed before starting on the journey.

Mrs. Shelton doesn't like to say good-bye. As a con-

sequence, when she found out that she was to be escorted out of town by a great many people and that she would have to say good-bye to them, she decided to leave early in the morning in order to escape this trial.

She spent the day previous to our departure going to the different homes and saying good-bye which, not being considered by them as the real good-bye, was not so affecting. So on the night previous to our departure, all things having been made ready, our animals were brought over and fed at our place. Boxes were all brought out and loads made up so that when morning came there would be nothing to do except to place the loads on the animals and start.

People, however, had found out that we were going to start at a very early hour so as to escape having to say good-bye. They were not to be outwitted, but for fear that we would get away too early, they went on down the road the night before and stayed all night at different places. As a consequence, they were waiting for us as we came along the next morning. Of course there were those who came to say good-bye before we left as well as those along the road. Consequently, we were saying good-bye for the next twenty miles, and some even going a day's journey and returning the next day.

We had breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Ogden before starting. Doris and Dorothy were loath to go, as they were waiting for some of their friends who were yet coming; so we rode off and left them on the side of the road with Andru, waiting till their friends should come and they would catch up with us later.

There were with us several people who were leaving Batang, going to their homes down in China. Among these were Johnny, who had been my faithful assistant

DORRIS AND DOROTHY IN TIBETAN CLOTHES WITH SOME OF THEIR FRIENDS

for more than fifteen years, and his wife. He has two fine boys and a girl, and is very anxious to give them the best education that it is possible for them to receive; so he is taking them to his home in Nanking to begin their education.

The first few days of the journey were passed without incident save that for the first three the girls were constantly reminded by scenes and acquaintances along the road that this was the same road they had taken on their visit to Jangka.

The mornings were getting quite cold now, especially as we had gone out of the Yangtze valley on to the Highlands, so that the third morning we were travelling through snow all morning and, being on the western slope of the mountain, were in shadow for some hours.

It is the custom to start just as soon as daylight, so that the first six hours of the journey were very cold. The girls were riding mules, Mrs. Shelton was in the chair. They were well provided with warm wraps and sheepskin boots so that they did not greatly suffer from the cold.

Some five or six days out we crossed over the highest pass on the road, which is about sixteen thousand feet. The ascent was exceedingly difficult, especially as the slope was covered with ice. The men and animals found great difficulty in keeping their foothold, and it was necessary many times for all those riding mules to dismount and walk or scramble over the worst places.

This was to be a long, hard day and it was necessary, in order to find a good camping place, not only to cross the pass but to go far down on the other side below the timber line. We at last reached the summit and on the far side of the mountain the wind was very cold, so we hurried on as fast as possible, only stopping for dinner;

then we were on again. There were no houses, so it was simply a question of choosing a suitable place for camp that night.

The men had some misunderstanding among themselves. As a consequence, those in front went far past the place where those behind had expected to camp; so when they came up with the chair and Mrs. Shelton, they found no camp where they had expected it, and it was getting late. Night came on; it got dark and Doris and Dorothy were with the people in front, as was I. Mrs. Shelton had not come; so I had to start back with matches to light the lantern with which we had provided ourselves for just such an emergency.

At last we reached camp and this was perhaps the longest day of the whole journey. It is always far better to make camp early, and get supper over with and things arranged for the night before darkness comes on.

To make matters worse, rain was falling, which was unusual at that time of year, and as this was the only place where we would have to camp out before reaching Adensi, we had not thought it worth while to bring a tent. We were able to get along very well, however, by covering up with oil sheets, especially as the rain soon turned to snow. It was rather hard on some of the men who were not so well provided for and very hard on the animals.

The next day we got into the lower country going down the valley. One of our mules went over the bank and turned over and over until at last the boxes being loosened, he was enabled to stop himself, and so was not seriously injured, but the boxes went merrily on toward the river, eight hundred feet below. Fortunately, the river was filled with stones at this place and the water

was very low, so that the boxes were not carried away but lodged on the stones and were recovered, though one of them was badly smashed up. The things were somewhat soaked but not lost, and soaking is a thing on which you must always count and not feel bad when it occurs. We were very thankful that the things were not carried entirely away.

The following day we arrived at Adensi and there the things were thoroughly dried.

We had been on the road now nine days and we were to stop a day for washing clothes, cooking, etc. It was necessary also to change animals here. I had written one of my friends to ask his assistance in hiring animals for the further journey to Lichang, some fifteen days further on.

We stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Lewer, who had visited us in Batang. We had there many friends whom we had formerly known in Batang, and were very busy paying and receiving calls.

We had there the pleasure of meeting the families of two French merchants. Mr. Bu, my former assistant, who was now with General Lieu, also joined the party for the trip out. There are three roads leading from Adensi to Lichang, and, after some discussion, it was decided that we should take the middle one. Each road had its advantages and disadvantages. The great advantage of the road we proposed to take was that it afforded more ample pasture for the animals than did either of the others. While its disadvantage was that we should spend two full days in crossing one great mountain where there were no dwelling places, and we would be forced to camp at a very great altitude. We had, however, provided ourselves with a tent and from this time on to Lichang, I think we spent only one night in a

house, preferring, even when there were stopping places, to camp out in the open, as the weather was for the most part fine.

The first night out on this great mountain was, however, anything but pleasant. The mercury went quite low and we were camping in the snow, and wood for camp fire was exceedingly scarce.

Our chair carriers, who were old friends and acquaintances of Batang, had decided to go on with us from Adensi. They did most excellent work and being Tibetans, did not mind the cold nor altitude in the least, but were always cheerful and happy so long as we were in territory occupied by Tibetans.

Afterward, however, on reaching purely Chinese territory, they were very unhappy.

There was one mountain on this road that was exceedingly difficult. It was considerably infested by robbers and the people in the valley, to prevent the driving off of stock, had felled a great many trees across the road in trying to block the road entirely, so that it was the most difficult piece of work on the whole journey—the clearing of these two miles of road, blocked by fallen timber, the road quite steep, covered with snow and ice, the animals many times falling in the narrow path and having to be unloaded before they could rise from the slippery ice. The bumping of the mules' noses as they would go down on their knees before we reached the top of the pass left a trail of blood in the snow.

It was impossible for the chair to be carried through in ordinary position. Mrs. Shelton had to get out, and, assisted by two Tibetans, to walk as best she could. She said her nose would have been bleeding too, had it not been for the Tibetans holding her up. As it was, her

knees were black and blue from falling before we reached the top.

On reaching the top the whole caravan was completely exhausted. So we stopped as quickly as possible for dinner, and then started on down the mountain. This side was not covered with snow but the road was so washed out that it was almost as difficult for the chair, so Mrs. Shelton had to walk again. I finally stopped for her with a horse. She declared she would not ride. She could scarcely walk at all, so what was to be done? One of the Tibetans solved the problem. He said to her, "Well, if you won't ride I'll have to carry you." He started for her, and she had a sudden change of heart and decided to ride.

Arriving at Lichang, Mr. and Mrs. Klaver very kindly took us in for a day or two to rest, wash, cook, etc. It here became necessary to hire animals through the local magistrate, as no animals were allowed to go out except through his office. He was using all that he could procure in the transporting of military supplies to the north.

While there we also met many former patients, and literally hundreds of people came to be doctored. It was impossible to attend to them all. This place very badly needs a hospital and it is one of the greatest openings for medical work in Yunnan.

Some people who had heard of our coming had come two or three days' journey in order to be there as we went through, wanting operations. I was not able to do these at the time, but promised to stop on my way back and attend to as many as possible in a week or ten days.

One woman came in one day bringing a great basket of oranges and t[illegible] ducks and said she was bringing them in gratitude [illegible] my having cured her husband. I

told her that I did not know who her husband was and she said, "He is in the interior now and is not here, but he is the man who went to Tachienlu, following you to Batang, and was operated on just as soon as you arrived in Batang."

Five days after leaving Litang we reached Talifu, were met by Dr. and Mrs. Hardy and Molly and Billy and their caravan of supplies and provisions. They were on their way to Batang. We spent one day visiting and hearing the things of America. Dr. Hardy asked that I bring some of the supplies for the hospital which had not yet arrived in Yunnanfu when he left.

Horses having been hired for the remaining twelve days of the overland journey, we again set out, little realizing that I would not complete that twelve days' journey for over three months.

XXVI

CAPTURED BY ROBBERS

WE had been travelling some twelve days toward Yunnanfu when suddenly, one afternoon about two o'clock, somebody shouted, "There are the robbers." One of the four soldiers that were with us jumped out in front of my mule, stuck his gun in the air and pulled the trigger. Bang! He jumped around behind my mule again, and away the four of them went just as fast as they could go. I turned around and looked and said, "I don't see any robbers." I made the mistake of looking in the direction the soldiers were going. They said, "In there, in there; up there in front."

The shots had begun in earnest now, and it was no trouble to find where the robbers were. The chairs with Mrs. Shelton and Doris and Dorothy were perhaps fifty yards in front. I jumped off my mule and started running toward the chairs. Some of the people behind kept saying, "Come back, come back," but I went on to the chairs. Mrs. Shelton and the girls had climbed out and laid down in a ditch on the side of the road to be out of line of the firing.

One bullet smashed Mrs. Shelton's thermos bottle, which was under the seat of the chair. However, no one was hurt. The robbers now began pouring down around us, quickly taking all things from our pockets

and chairs and saddle-bags. One man who had tried to make himself look as scary as possible by putting a big smear of black across his face, stuck a big pistol in my stomach. He looked so grotesque that I laughed. Within a few minutes they had all of which we were possessed.

One of the leaders coming up then said to me, "We want you to go back up the road a way and see our General." I said, "All right, where is he?" He said, "He is back up there a little way. You come along with me." So off I started with him. Mrs. Shelton and the girls begged for me not to leave them alone. I told them just to keep quiet, that they would not be hurt, and that I was going up to see the leader and would be back in a little while.

I thought that the robbers wanted to know where the rest of our goods was and that, after possessing themselves of all we had, I would be allowed to go. I started off therefore, but was not to see my wife and children again for seventy-one days.

Arriving at the top of the little pass over which we had just come I met Yangtienfu, the leader of the band. He had my shotgun, glasses, camera, etc., and he wanted to know how to work them. I started showing him but had not got very far before bullets began to fly from the valley below. The soldiers had given the alarm and the garrison of the village where we had taken dinner was coming out. The leader then quietly informed me that I was to be held for ransom. This was somewhat of a surprise as I had expected to be allowed to return to my family.

He directed his men to escort me on up the mountain. They would wait there for the soldiers. I mounted my mule, which had been brought up by those who had

been detained by the other members of the party. I was taken on in front so as to be out of danger. We went along the crest of the mountain. The soldiers were firing from below, the bandits from above, but the range was too great for any serious damage to be done on either side.

A running fight lasting about three hours followed. Two soldiers were killed and one of the bandits wounded. During the afternoon we kept moving steadily on. It became necessary to cross a very deep ravine. We got down very well by slipping and sliding, but the ascent was exceedingly difficult. My mule had to be taken around and we went up almost on all fours.

Toward sundown we had to stop to await Yangtienfu and the rest of the party. The firing had ceased and the battle was over. The rest of the robbers came up shortly, and I attended a wounded man. One of the men who got well in a few days insisted on paying me three dollars. We stopped there for an hour and a half and had supper. They boiled rice in pots, which were carried along for that purpose. While the few whose business it was to get supper were working, the rest of the party smoked opium.

I was to learn later how great a part opium played in the lives of these people, as they depended more upon it during periods of strain than upon food.

When all the animals which had been stolen were brought up, then began the opening of the loads and saddle-bags. Most of the things had been taken from my saddle-bags to start with. Yang, however, demanded to know what all had been in my saddle-bags, and everything was brought out for his inspection.

As one load after another was opened, all the men standing around, each appropriated what he wanted.

You must realize that in appropriating loot they had to be very careful, and sometimes things of great value were thrust aside as not wanted, simply because of the fact that every man had to carry his own belongings, and on forced marches even things of great value, when they weigh a few pounds, lose their attractiveness.

At one time I saw one of the men who was complaining very bitterly because he had twenty ting of silver, each weighing ten ounces. He knew not what to do with it, and carried it all day and all night around his waist and felt it to be a tremendous burden. After supper had been eaten and the loot divided, we were off again.

We went on for several hours, then turned sharply to the right and went down the mountain. It was very steep; there was no road. I could not understand how they were finding their way through the valley; however, we soon came upon a trail. We followed this for only a short distance and stopped at a small village where they were expected. Every one crowded in the houses.

I wanted to unsaddle my mule and give him a little rest, but Yang would not allow it. I was told that I could lie down on a mat beside a very tall man who was smoking opium, if I wanted to sleep. I was tired out and did want to sleep; I did lie down but I had no covering. The room was full of smoke from a smouldering fire in the center, and was very uncomfortable. I had been lying down for perhaps five minutes when I felt something put into the pocket of my coat. I reached to see what was being done. The man lying next to me had had my small medicine case out, had taken several of the bottles, a small pair of scissors from it, and then returned it to my pocket.

Yang had told the men at supper that they were not

to molest my small personal belongings. He inquired very strictly as to how much money I had had on my person, which was very little, about ten or twelve dollars.

As soon as it began to get light every one was roused again to be prepared to go on. It began raining almost immediately, and as there was a heavy fog they could not see very far, so they decided to stop for a time for fear that they might run into parties of soldiers unaware.

It was cold and raining and there was no place you could warm yourself with any comfort. I took up my position in an old straw shed, protected from the wind.

The men came to me and asked me to write letters immediately, which they would undertake to have delivered, telling the Governor of the Province that he should not send soldiers to pursue, and that if he did I would probably pay the penalty. I refused to write these letters. While waiting there in the rain in this straw shed I thought that instead of writing these letters I would heed Mrs. Shelton's injunction and start a diary.

I usually start a diary every year or two and sometimes keep it up for a week. In my saddle-bags were just three books, my New Testament which had been given me by Mr. McLean when I was home before, a copy of Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," sent me by Mr. Burnham, and a copy of Ian MacLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." It was on the blank pages and margins of this last that I kept my diary.

The men said they were going to take me back when it quit raining. They also were at great pains to tell me to comfort my heart, that they had nothing against me, that they wanted to do me no harm in any way whatever.

We went on all during the afternoon. As it was

nearing dark we could see far out across a great basin in the mountains. As we were travelling along the cliff we heard far away the faint call of the bugle. I supposed there were soldiers not far away. We stopped where we were and a man was sent across the basin.

Somewhat after dark the headman who had taken me to Yangtienfu again put in his appearance and said that I should be of good cheer as he had been down to see how Mrs. Shelton and the girls were, and he told me what I afterward found to be the truth, that they had gone on to the next village and were stopping there waiting for me. The men had tried to take Mrs. Shelton and the girls too.

They had made the girls walk and this fellow had got into one of the chairs and with his pistol sticking into the back of one of the chairmen, had forced him to carry him up the side of the mountain, but it was impossible to make progress this way, and after the soldiers came out, they were very quickly forced to let them go, for which I was very thankful.

After waiting till it was very dark we cautiously slipped down the side of the mountain into a quite considerable village. This village was very friendly and the headman of the village was a confederate of Yangtienfu. We stopped there until near midnight and then were on again.

On leaving this place the band went very cautiously, no one being allowed to speak above a whisper. The party had a number on first count of only seventy-one men.

About two o'clock in the morning we crossed the main road. I recognized it as such by the fact that the telegraph wires ran along it. I afterward learned, when passing this place in the daytime, that we were within

one mile of Lao Yao Gwan, where Mrs. Shelton and the girls were waiting for me. Little did we realize that we were so close together.

Going on till almost daylight we came to a village where most of the people were said to be Catholic converts. There we stopped for two hours, and shortly after daylight were on the move again.

The band had promised that morning I should be taken on to the Catholic place, which they said was down the valley a few miles. When daylight came, however, instead of going on down the valley we turned back to the mountains, going up a very steep road. When I was convinced that we were turning back to the mountains, after we had travelled for a while (it was impossible to ride), I told them that they could go as they liked, but I was going no further. I had had no sleep, I was tired out, and they had done nothing but lie since I had been taken, and I was convinced that they had no intention of doing any of the things that they had said, so I stopped. We stopped there till almost night and they asked for one of my cards that they might take it down to the Catholic priest. About two o'clock in the afternoon they returned with the name, Paul Bailly, printed on a card, and a message written in French, which I was unable to decipher. The man who brought the card informed me that Father Bailly had gone to Lao Yao Gwan for the purpose of escorting Mrs. Shelton and the children on into the capital.

I afterward learned that this was the truth. The debt of gratitude that I owe Father Bailly I shall never be able to repay.

Near night we moved on a short distance and came to a very excellent temple hidden back in one of the gorges in the mountain. I learned later that this was only a

short distance, not more than a mile and a half, from Mitsao, where Father Bailly was located.

Word was also brought by the man who brought the card that Father Bailly was to attempt to have my release effected and that word would be brought back within five days as to what the result would be.

XXVII

TRAVELLING WITH THE BAND

WE stopped all night at this temple and had a fine rest. There we were able to secure a fine hog, which was butchered. We were also able to secure vegetables and as a consequence we had two or three good meals. The next day all in the party, without exception, went into the temple and paid their respects to the different deities represented there. Later the priests were called up and given a very generous donation of money.

The rest of the day was spent in gambling and smoking opium. It is somewhere near this place evidently that they have at least a part of the opium stored, because it was from there that two of the men went forth, and in a few hours returned with several hundred ounces. It was cut off in chunks and passed out to the men as they wanted it. They were all urged to take plenty because they might not be back for several days and might not have a chance to secure more on the road.

As darkness came on, after a night and day of rest, preparations were made to continue the journey. We crossed the valley and went on and on through the mountains. It appears as if they knew intuitively where the roads were. We seemed to travel with equal facility whether in the darkness or in the light, and only once or twice in all the days that I was a captive, did I ever see them puzzled as to which way to turn, and then only

for a moment. Yang always took the lead. He not only took the lead, but, for the sake of peace and so that there would be no grumbling, he refused to ride, insisting that he eat the same food, as well as travel the same as his men. He was frequently the only one in the party who had no money on his person.

After travelling half the night we stopped for an hour to rest and to give the men an opportunity to smoke opium. Then we were on again. One little fellow in the party greatly amused me. He was only about fourteen years old and he carried an old sling-shot pistol, cap and ball, about a twelve bore. He also carried the longest sword in the party. It was amusing to see the little fellow, when we were passing through a village, throw back his shoulders and march. He was the hero of the children of the villages and was considered by them to be the only original Jesse James.

In a day or two I began to get acquainted. One of the men had been especially courteous. He was a captain, was low voiced, his name was Gnan. The lieutenant under him was equally nice. In speaking to Yangtienfu about some of the men, I mentioned this man as being very nice. He was at once made my bodyguard with twelve other men.

Riding along a crest of the mountain we could see down into the valley and could see Lao Yao Gwan near where I had been taken. We were going now, so Yang informed me, some days' journey to the west in order to get a donation of money that had been given them by a man in the place.

That afternoon we met a great string of people on their way to Lao Yao Gwan, for the following day was market day. They were carrying all sorts of things. Whatever was wanted the men took. It made me espe-

cially furious when the men robbed several small boys who were carrying great loads of sugar-cane to market. They very kindly offered me some but I was too mad. I told them that I didn't eat stuff stolen from children.

Arriving about dark in the largest town which we had yet passed through, at the muzzles of guns the headmen of the town were forced to do their bidding in providing what was wanted and finding places for the men to get their supper. The people of this town were not at all friendly to them and it looked occasionally as if there might be violence. However, no one, so far as I know, was shot there. We stayed only two hours because it was feared that some one had slipped out of town and gone to call the soldiers, so we were on again through the night over the worst and most dangerous road we had yet come.

One mule went over the cliff. I could not see, I could only sit on my mule and let him go. He was being led by one of the men. About two o'clock in the morning we came to the bank of a river which it seemed necessary to ford. They could not do this in the night and it was necessary to wait for dawn.

We stopped in a wheat field, the men shivering. There was no suitable place for camp. Nothing could be done. A little wood was found to make a fire but it was entirely inadequate. Some of the boys found some rice straw on the side of the hill, and I stole some along with the rest. I took a few bundles and laid them in the field and lay down on them. I took a few other bundles and threw them over myself to get warm if possible. It was no use, for not long after some man, thinking that he needed the straw worse than I did, unceremoniously took it and walked away with it.

It was about this time that Yangtienfu and I had a

long talk. He had demanded several things for my release. Some were important, some were not. One of the things he demanded was that his wife and mother and son, who were held by the Governor in Yunnanfu, should be released. The most important thing to his way of thinking, however, was not that, but that he be given a ransom of about fifty thousand dollars' worth of arms and ammunition for me. I told him that I would not be ransomed, that I would not be a party to making the life and liberty of every missionary in the Province forfeit to him, because should he succeed in getting the price for me he would simply catch another missionary and get his price for him, and so on.

He afterward consented to forego this demand and asked that a blanket pardon be granted to him and all his bands scattered over the country for all the crimes committed in the last three years; but more about this later.

At daylight we crossed the river and descended quickly to a small village not very far away. There we stopped for the day, as we were in a place where we could watch the fort should any pursuers come our way.

There they tied up a man who refused to accede instantly to some of their demands. He was taken out and prepared for execution. His father and mother were kneeling and crying and begging all the while. I asked Yang why he was going to kill him. "Well," said he, "he lied to me." I said, "Why, man, you're not going to kill him for lying, are you?" "Yes," he said, "I am." "Well," I replied, "I hope you won't go to shooting people for lying because there will not be any one left in the party to take me back, for the whole bunch of you have done nothing but lie ever since you got me." This seemed to rather relieve the situation and on the

man promising that in the future he would stand ready to do their bidding and help them to the utmost of his ability, he was released from his bonds.

Just as night was coming on we again took to the road, but contrary to expectations, we did not go very far; but having ascended well up the side of the mountain, stopped again for the night, sleeping behind stones and under trees.

It was at this place that I brought my saddle-bags and threw them down in front of Yangtienfu and told him that if he wanted the stuff, or if any of the men wanted it to take it, and please be done with it—that I had some respect for a man who would hunt and rob and take his life in his hands in doing so, but a sneak thief I could not endure, and I had been having little things stolen from me, taken from my pockets and saddle-bags, ever since I had joined the party. He was exceedingly angry and told the men he would shoot the next man who should purloin any of my effects.

It was there that my beard began to itch and bother me. I had no razor and though they sometimes shave with a pocket knife I had thought it advisable not to attempt to do likewise. It was about this time that I first noticed the tumour that had started in my neck.

Some three days later we arrived at the extreme southern end of the trip. Money was secured. This also was a place where guns of the old type were manufactured and all that could be obtained were bought. It was there also that, during the night, a runner came in bearing letters from Yunnanfu both for Yangtienfu and for me.

I received two; one from Mrs. Shelton and one from the French Consul. The Consul stated that he had seen the Governor and that the Governor was willing

to negotiate, that he had appointed Father Bailly as his representative to conduct the negotiations, and that he hoped the affair would be brought to a speedy conclusion, and I released. Mrs. Shelton also was very hopeful that I would be home within the next week. The men were also hopeful that they would now be given pardon in exchange for my release and would be allowed to go home. They were tired of living as wild animals and longed to go home where they could stop without the constant fear of pursuers on the track.

The next morning we started back and two days later arrived at one of the Governor's copper mines. We stopped there for one day. The copper is mined and smelted in a very crude manner and run into plates weighing perhaps a hundred pounds. These are later carried on pack animals to the capital for sale or refining.

At one other place where we stopped Yang had demanded from a wealthy man two thousand dollars. He had refused, saying that he had no such amount of money. Yang, however, was fairly well informed as to the condition of the man from whom he demanded the money. He worked nearly all night on this man, trying to persuade him to peacefully and willingly contribute the two thousand dollars, but he was determined that he would not. In the morning almost as soon as we had arisen, word was brought to us that soldiers were within five miles of us, so within twenty minutes we were on the road and the man was tied up and taken along.

We went on that day and again arrived just back of the mountain that separated us from Mitsao, where Father Bailly was. A man was sent on in advance to get Father Bailly to come across the mountain to where

we were. It was found, however, that he was not at home, having gone to town.

While waiting for the messenger to return, they proceeded to extract the promise of the two thousand dollars from the man who had been brought along. He was stripped to the waist and prepared for execution, his hands being tied behind his back, and he was made to kneel down. The executioner was sitting on the ground in front of him, whetting a sword on a stone. When the executioner got up and spit on his hands and grasped his sword the man had a change of heart and decided to pay the two thousand dollars, which he did a few days later.

Late in the afternoon we passed through Mitsao, along the street of which Yang passed with an automatic Colt in one hand and an automatic mauser in the other, and a little later we arrived again at the temple where we had formerly spent a night and a day.

XXVIII

FATHER BAILLY—FAILURE OF NEGOTIATIONS

THAT night after his return from town, Father Bailly came to the temple, and I saw him for the first time. He is rather a short man, round and fat, with a long white beard, a kindly smile, a twinkling eye, and a bald head. After talking for some time in Chinese (he can speak no English) he asked Yangtienfu to let me accompany him to his home, personally offering to be responsible and, although he begged until I pleaded with him to quit, Yangtienfu was adamant.

The next day he returned, bringing me a loaf of bread and some coffee, for which I was truly grateful. He also brought me a small home-made cheese, which tasted very good.

I told Yang that in order to expedite negotiations he should be closer to Lao Yao Gwan, as it would consume too much time to have to be writing letters back and forth, and that as there was a telephone at Lao Yao Gwan it would be easy to be in constant communication with the Governor, thus securing at once confirmation of agreements reached by the negotiators. Yang was somewhat skeptical as to the good faith of the Governor's men and, while he agreed to move over to another place, it was so far on the other side of town that it was of no great advantage.

We went over there and the next day retravelled quite boldly the road we had travelled the second night after

my capture, and I now saw how near I had been that night to Mrs. Shelton and the children.

At this stopping place it appeared as if negotiations were certainly to be carried out. The men were jubilant and at last two or three of the Governor's men, accompanied by Father Bailly, arrived on the scene, accompanied by Yang's son, who had been released by the Governor. His mother and wife arrived some few days before.

It appeared as if the Governor intended to keep faith, and every one was jubilant. A day or two later the band was joined by a company of soldiers who had lately mutinied and killed their officers because of lack of pay. There was quite a ceremony in receiving them into the band. Speeches were made and, as it was confidently expected that pardon would be obtained for all, every one felt good.

Father Bailly came again, bringing four letters. Mrs. Shelton had also obtained permission from the Governor to send me some bedding and some more clothes, which she did. Taking advantage of this permission, she had included several newspapers and it was in one of these that I read of the death of F. M. Rains.

It was there that I had the finest talk it was my lot to have with Yangtienfu. There were times when all that was best in the man appeared to come to the surface, and when he seemed to have a genuine longing and desire to live a good life. There were other times when I think the evil was by far the dominant trait; when he would sacrifice anything on earth, including, if necessary, his mother, wife or son, to say nothing of his friends, if it would in any way forward his ends.

In that place there joined the band a young smart Alec. He at once took it upon himself to constitute

himself my special guard. He became exceedingly tiresome as day after day, surrounded by a band numbering now about two hundred, I had to listen to his continuous chatter, chatter, chatter. At times I would go off and lie down under a tree or behind the building in order to get a little quiet. The young man seemed to think that whenever I did so I was trying to escape, and he came as quickly as possible around to where I was. I told him, "If you don't quit following me around, unless Yangtienfu has made you my especial guardian, and, if he has, he has not informed me of it, I'll fix you so you won't be able to keep up with the band." A little later he was again following me. I warned him again. Later in the day I was again walking along around one of the buildings and I noticed that he was watching me from the corner of his eye and suspected that he was going to follow me. I stepped around one of the buildings, but instead of going very far stopped right near the corner and seemed very much surprised that he was so near. I grabbed up a club which was lying near and started after him. He let out a yell and away we went. He came near dropping his gun but didn't. We went down through the street, I in a great passion. Yangtienfu, seeing us, said, "Here, here, here, what's the matter?" I said, "I am going to kill him." Yang called out, "Wait a minute, wait a minute, let me kill him for you." Yang did have him spanked and told him I would shoot him if he didn't quit annoying me.

We now went back to Mitsao. It appeared that negotiations would certainly be completed within the next few days and that I would be released.

The band was planning a big celebration. Yang said they were going to buy fifty dollars' worth of firecrackers with which to escort me into the capital. He

was lavish in promises of different kinds, but he was very much concerned that I was going to leave them, and the day before it appeared that negotiations were certainly going through, he came to me and said, "See here, there is no use of your going back at all. You come and stay with us. We need you. You can be our doctor, and you can be our chaplain too, and if you organize a church we'll all join, as we need you badly. We're going to give you twelve thousand dollars a year, and we'll pay you six months in advance," and right there he began counting out bills.

I said, "Here, wait; I can't do any such thing as this because I have my own work to do. You don't seem to realize that I have my family waiting to be taken to the coast." It was a great disappointment to him that I would not willingly consent to stay with them.

Finally the men who were to negotiate for the Governor came, and then began a long series of dickering. They seemed unable to make any progress until I got very angry because of the nature of the discussion and told them that neither side appeared to have the ability to do anything but lie and smoke opium all day long; then they came to an agreement. The men left the following morning to report by telephone to the Governor.

The agreement was to the effect that the band were to be pardoned and were to be given charge of the road for a distance of twelve days. Their pay was to be furnished by the local officials along this road and they were to constitute themselves the guardians and protectors of its whole length. The Governor was willing to grant their pardon, but was not willing to give them charge of a considerable portion of the country.

He was persuaded by his men that night that it was

unnecessary to even consider pardoning Yang and his band because it would be a very easy matter to capture them, as there were not more than two hundred or a few more in the band at the time. Because of this representation soldiers started in our direction that night. Yangtienfu's Intelligence Department, however, was far better than that of the Governor, and just as soon as he knew that soldiers had started in our direction, we were up and off again. He not only took me, but he also took his mother, wife and son, who had been returned to him.

A few days before, when his wife and mother had arrived, Father Bailly asked him to let me go to his place. Yang said, "What do two women amount to? Of course I'd like to have my wife but I can buy one just as good as she any day for a hundred dollars, so the Governor needn't think he has done anything very particular in turning over to me two women." His son, however, was considered to be of more importance.

So we were again on the move.

XXIX

SHOOTING A MAN

NOW began about forty days of most strenuous travelling, the most strenuous that I ever had. I had been travelling for forty-seven days before I was captured, and had been travelling for a month since I was captured, and the strain was beginning to tell. Up to this time the tumour in my neck had given me not a great deal of trouble, but it now began to grow at an increased rate and began paining to some extent.

The men and Yangtienfu did not mistreat me, in fact they treated me as a guest and as well as was possible in the circumstances, living as they were like wild animals, being chased over the mountain by dogs, sleeping at night many times under the trees and behind rocks. At one time they discussed what would be the effect of killing me, whether or not it would be advisable. They came to the conclusion that it would not be advisable because Yang himself hoped some day to be Governor of Yunnan, and they considered that, should they kill me, he might be looked upon with disfavour by the representatives of the foreign powers, so it was definitely decided that I was not to be killed in any case.

We were travelling in a very irregular course, but within two days we had crossed to the north of the main road and started toward the bend in the Yangtze River some days to the north.

It was now nearing Chinese New Year, which date is

an important one with every Chinese. It is the time of year that he wants to go home and be with his family. It is the greatest time in the whole year.

One day we had stopped for noon at a small place and on getting ready to start on I noticed four of the men in the road kneeling and crying. The whole bunch was around them and talking in quite loud voices. I rode up and asked Yang what the trouble was. He said, "These fellows want to go home." "Well," I said, "aren't you going to let them?" He had some days previously, on taking them into the band (they were of the company of soldiers who joined the band), promised them that they should be allowed to go home at any time they wished to go, but that they would not be allowed to take their guns, but must dispose of them for a reasonable price to the band; the guns and ammunition were never to be disposed of, and on these terms the men had joined. Several of them now wanted to go but permission was refused.

To see the men thus forced to continue in this life when I knew that there were a great many who were genuinely desirous of quitting, made me very angry. I said to him in quite a loud tone of voice so that all those around could hear, "Why don't you take those four men and me, for I want to go back, too, and stand us up against the wall and shoot us? We're all in the same mood and you're going to get before very long what they gave their officials some days ago when they mutinied. You can't continue to deceive men and misrepresent things to them and keep it up. They'll turn some day and you will be shot."

I was talking right out in meeting, for I knew that there were more than fifty men in the group who were ready for mutiny. This was very embarrassing to Yang

and in order to put an end to the scene he ordered the column forward. Some of his regulations were very good. The treatment accorded the women and girls by the soldiers in some of the places was exceedingly brutal. Yang had said to his men, "You let the women alone." However, one day when we had distanced the soldiers to such an extent that Yang considered it safe to stay all night, one of the men in the party, seeing a girl with whom he was very much enamoured, simply took her.

The next morning after we were ready to start, a man and woman came into the courtyard where Yang was, crying and going on in Chinese fashion, and coming up to Yang got down on their knees and began kotowing. He asked, "What's the matter now?" They replied that their home was now ruined, that their daughter had been taken by one of his men, and that they were very miserable indeed. Yang said, "Do you know who it was?" They said they did, and he asked, "Can you point him out?" They said, "That is he over in the corner." When Yang looked in the man's direction for a moment, he saw that guilt was written all over the man's face. He didn't even deny the charge.

Yang said to some of the men sitting near, "Bring him over here." Yang looked at him hard for a moment and then said to the men, "Tie him up," which they did by tying his elbows behind his back. "Now," said he to some of the other men, "we're going out this road. You take him out and shoot him in the middle of the road and let him lie there until we come along, so that every one can see what is coming to him in like circumstances."

Ten minutes later we went along and saw that he had a hole in him almost the size of a tin can.

At different times I was shown many kindnesses by

these men and had a great many friends in the party. One day when we had been travelling especially hard and reached a place at nearly midnight where Yang had decided to stop until morning, I was so worn out that I had lain down in an old grain room. A little later I was awakened by the man whom I considered the toughest character in the whole gang. He was standing by my side and holding a lighted candle by my head. I roused up and asked, "What's the matter?" He said, "I stole an orange. I want to share it with you." It was exceedingly grateful in the feverish condition in which I then was.

Travelling as we were, it was very difficult to get a bath, but one day after I had become so dirty that it was impossible to stand it any longer, when Yangtienfu announced that we were going to stop for at least two hours, I finally obtained some hot water and succeeded in getting a partial bath. I asked him if he didn't want one too. He said, no, he was afraid he would catch cold, as he hadn't taken a bath for over three years.

During one of Yang's good days he asked me to take his boy to educate, saying that he would like to have him grow up to be a man of ability and not, as he himself was, able neither to read nor write, and that he would pay all expenses. I told him that I would be very glad to do this for him and, up to the time that I became so ill that I could no longer talk matters with him, he was continually referring to the arrangements that it would be necessary to make. During the first month, he himself had learned the alphabet, a few words in English, and was able to count a little.

After the failure of the negotiations and when we had taken to the road the second time, Yang with his family and myself travelled for some days, but it soon became

evident that the rate was entirely too strenuous for the women. As a consequence, when we were heading for a certain place one afternoon, he with one of the men, his mother, wife and son, halted at the side of the road for a little while. The column got considerably in advance. This was a very unusual thing. Within an hour the column stopped to rest and wait for him to come up. After waiting for quite a while some one was sent back to see why he was not coming and it was reported that he had taken a different road altogether. The understanding that we were to arrive that night at such and such a place had been plain, and therefore we could not understand why he had gone a different road.

The Captain who had me in charge now assumed command and decided that we should go on to the place agreed upon, which we did. The people had all fled and the party moved into what had been the public buildings. Here things were thrown about in great confusion. There was a great store of charcoal in one of the rooms and, as it was very cold, the different groups made haste to appropriate it and, during the evening, many hundred pounds of charcoal were burned.

I had taken my horse blankets and lain down, as my bedding had been stolen or lost, together with all my clothes, during the night of the flight. It was never recovered. I had been sleeping perhaps an hour when I was awakened by Captain Gnan and told that Yangtienfu had sent for us and was very much worried, and that we should immediately take to the road and join him some ten miles out, which we did about four o'clock in the morning, but when we joined him he was alone; his wife, mother and boy were not there. He had taken them to the house, presumably of a friend, but it mat-

tered little whether it was the house of a friend or an enemy; fear of his vengeance would be a sufficient motive to prevent their revealing their whereabouts to the authorities.

After two hours' rest we were on again and in a day or so arrived at Long Gai. There we spent two or three days as, after the failure of the Governor's coup, Yang had again, through some of the local magistrates of the districts, attempted to reopen negotiations. Only extreme desire on the part of many of the men to end this sort of life induced Yang to again consider a reopening of the question.

Finally it was decided that he would meet one of the men. The time spent at Long Gai was a very grateful period of rest. For two days and two nights we were not required to move. During this time I did some writing and hired a man, with Yang's consent, to take letters to the capital. I wrote personally to the Governor and asked him that, if it were possible for him to do anything, to please do it quickly, as I was in very poor physical condition.

Yang also sent letters to the Governor stating what terms would be acceptable to him. But he also stated that no terms whatever would be acceptable unless they were guaranteed by some foreign power, as he was fearful of bad faith on the Governor's part.

This man was sent off, he agreeing to make the trip of five days to the capital and to be back within five days. He was well paid, and I learned afterward that he reached the capital successfully and was provided with letters for me, some more clothes, papers, etc., by Mrs. Shelton and the French Consul, but on his attempt to leave the city he was seized by the Governor, all letters and articles confiscated, and he was cast into prison.

While we were in Long Gai Yangtienfu provided entertainment for the band by hiring a company of sleight of hand performers for a whole day. Some of their tricks were very good indeed, but some were very crude. One young lady who was taking the part of a very famous character in Chinese history was asked by one of the other members of the company, "From whence did you come?" She replied, "From Peking." "Why," he said, "that is a long ways—some three thousand miles. When did you arrive?" "Yesterday." "When did you start?" "This morning." And he replied, "My, that is fast travelling."

My stock of medicines had been almost exhausted. I still had, however, a supply for making eye ointment, and, as soon as it was found that I had eye medicine, I was besieged on every hand. I was compelled to refuse treating all other diseases because of lack of medicine, but the treatment for sore eyes was sufficient.

After this rest of two days we took the back track, for what purpose I did not know, as we started off very suddenly one morning without any previous warning. We travelled all day and stopped at night at a small village where good entertainment was provided by the villagers.

Some time during the night a great quantity of money was brought in and early the next morning Yang began paying the men. While he was dividing the money he brought a hundred dollars in silver to me and insisted that I take it. I told him that I had no use for it whatever, that it would only weight me down. He said, "Well, any time you want any just let me know; but you better take some anyhow to buy sugar for the mule." He put down a pile of half dollars on the table before me, taken up at random from the hat in

which he was carrying the money. I counted it later and it was forty dollars.

The next morning we were off again, still on the backward track. We did not go very far this day. About ten o'clock we stopped, and during the rest of the day the men loafed and gambled and smoked opium.

I went to Yang's quarters late in the afternoon to see him and was told that he was not in. Late at night he was still not there, but early the next morning he was there and with him his mother, wife, and son.

This day we turned around again and went back toward Long Gai. We travelled hard all day. I was told that the Governor's representative was to meet us that night at a little village not far from Long Gai.

I was congratulated by the different members of the party on my impending release, and was told that it was now only a matter of two or three days. I did not, however, hold forth any very strong hopes, as long dealing with the Chinese had taught me that it is only when a matter is actually accomplished you can be certain. We got into this village an hour before sundown and we were expected. A good meal was being prepared and when it was ready, which was at nearly sundown, the band was still waiting for the Governor's representative to appear over the rise about a half mile back in the road. Instead of the Governor's man appearing, there was suddenly a cry, "The soldiers, the soldiers!" and there appeared on the road about two hundred men and in a very few minutes the place was surrounded and bullets were flying in every direction.

XXX

THE FIRST BATTLE

WE had no time to eat supper. Each man grabbed some of the food and seized his gun, shoving in a mouthful now and then as occasion offered. I took a piece of meat and wrapped it in an old handkerchief and put it in my hip pocket for a more convenient time. My mule, with the saddle on, was led quickly into the main building of the village, and at Yangtienfu's command all the men were congregated in the main building. There was no time, however, for bringing in all the animals, and for but very little of the stuff that was being carried along.

As a consequence, several mule loads of all sorts and kinds of things had to be left in the mad scramble. The doors were barred, but firing was kept up constantly from the upper story. One of the men, called a Major in the organization, had lost his life because he refused to believe that the people we saw coming were soldiers, as they had taken off their soldier clothes and dressed in the familiar manner in which the bandits were dressed. He believed that it was some of the other bandits under Yang's control coming to join them here and in this belief had his men withhold their fire until the first volley was fired, and he was killed. Some five or six men were lost and there was great consternation in the band.

Some inside went up and down crying and saying,

"Brothers, brothers, we are lost." With these Yang-tienfu was very stern and told them that if they would not be quiet he himself would shoot them. He did kill three of his own men that night because he found them trying to effect an escape from the building, in order to join the soldiers.

Yang instructed Captain Gnan that he and twelve men were to have charge of me and were to have no other duties, that they were not to engage in the fight at all unless it should come to hand-to-hand combat.

These men surrounded me in the hall and we stood there for more than an hour while different expedients were being tried out. I became so tired finally that I asked Yang if I couldn't lie down. He had me shown to a room up-stairs and I lay down and there, in spite of the continuous racket and shooting, I dropped off to sleep, not waking up until Captain Gnan, shaking me, said, "It's time to go."

I went down-stairs and by the light of torches saw several dead men lying around. The firing had almost ceased, just an occasional shot.

The division of the loot had proved too much for the soldiers and they had withdrawn about a mile for that purpose, and thus gave the band an opportunity to escape. The killing of all would have been a comparatively easy matter had they stationed men so as to cover the two exits from the building and, if necessary, sent for reinforcements. But here was the opportunity and Yang lost no time in taking advantage of it.

Quietly opening the door and extinguishing all lights he led the way, we all following in single file. Just inside the door was one of the soldiers who had been shot and his body and gun dragged inside.

Some of the men, after an ancient Chinese custom,

had removed his clothes, piled them on his breast, and burned them. In passing out one of the men gave the body a kick and said, "You dog."

Two or three men had been temporarily left behind to give the illusion that we were still there and they kept firing from the upper story until we had gone a sufficient distance; then they too could leave their posts and join the main band.

We went on through the night very quietly, the light from one of the buildings (not the main one) which had been set on fire, showing from time to time after we ascended the mountain where the battle had been fought.

We went on and on hour after hour up this mountain where there was no road. It was impossible for the mules to go where we were going and one of the boys took my mule around by a way that was much longer. We had to go up many times on all fours, and I was very quickly exhausted. I was helped along, however, by the men, but before reaching the top I was so completely exhausted that it was impossible to go further; and so I told Captain Gnan. So we rested there for a while. It was bitterly cold and in order to keep warm I lay down between two of the men. We spooned. When the top-side had become so cold that we could stand it no longer, we would turn over on the other side for a while.

Along toward daylight we made our way, cold and stiff, over the top and down a short distance on the other side where the light of the fire did not show, and there we built a roaring fire by which we were considerably revived.

After it became light enough to travel we were again on the road descending the long valley. We kept up the pass all day long and stayed that night within sight

of the Yangtze and in a much warmer country, having descended to a much lower altitude. Here were fields of poppies in full bloom and a few were ready for the harvesting of opium.

We spent the night there with guards out in every direction, and the next morning were off again over another pass.

This was the last day of the old year. To-morrow would be New Year's, about February 20th. The men had hoped that there would be a chance to rest on the Chinese New Year, but here, just when they were expecting to have a good time, was the worst condition of all.

We went on over this pass, which was exceedingly steep, but when we had ascended to the top we did not at once go down again, but waited for two or three hours, the men watching with my glasses in every direction for any sign of the military. None having appeared, men were sent to act as spies and bring reports.

Going around the side of the mountain for about two hours, we arrived at a small village perched far up on the mountain overlooking the great valley to the north. There we prepared to spend the night and the next day. As that was New Year's, except under the gravest necessity, no move would be made.

Two or three hogs and many chickens were procured and preparations made for a great feast. The next day there was no disturbance, but toward evening some of the spies came in and reported that the soldiers were less than three miles away, camped on a plateau just back of the ridge.

There was very great apprehension as to what might happen that night, but Yang was quite confident that nothing would be attempted on New Year's Day.

They were out and ready, however, by daylight the next morning, but nothing happened till toward noon, when word was brought very suddenly that the soldiers were approaching. The men had been in position for some time, that is, those who were to fight. The rest of the body was to move on across a ravine and up the opposite slope on a predetermined road leading on to the north and east.

The battle began and we from the opposite slope could see them running back and forth amid the trees and wondered how it might be going. The bullets occasionally came over to where we were and two or three spent bullets were picked up by the men while we were watching the fight.

Yang took about twenty men and went to intercept the soldiers should any of them discover our course of flight and try to pursue. This was not the case, however, and before night the band were all together again, that is, those who were not dead. I always rather imagined that their losses were minimized and those on the opposite side exaggerated, for it was said that night that more than thirty soldiers had been killed and five or six of the band.

There were brought along four men who were wounded. Two were in very serious condition, one having been shot through the breast, and the other through the thigh. I procured some cloth and after boiling it, made bandages, and tended to the wounds as best I could with no facilities.

These men were carried for many days, the man shot through the breast refusing to be left behind, and eventually he was on the highroad to recovery. One man with his leg smashed had been left on the field of battle, refusing to be moved. His gun had been taken

and he had been left there to die. I learned subsequently from the soldiers who were in the fight that they found him and beheaded him where he lay.

Yangtienfu said now that there was no use of talking about negotiating, that he could see plainly it was impossible to negotiate with a man such as the Governor, and it appeared so to me.

This did not, however, in any way help me and I was suffering greatly from the pain in my shoulder and neck. Yang said that now we were going to Szechuen, that we would cross the river into the Province to the north where we would be out of reach of the Governor, and that I would be eventually freed and let go down river to Suifu and Chungking.

He asked if I would not send for Mrs. Shelton and the girls and have them come, and we would all go out the same way. This I refused to attempt under any consideration.

XXXI

A VISIT — LETTERS

TWO days later we arrived at the seat of one of the local tusis, or headmen, of one of the tribes. Yang had expected to receive assistance from him, and that he would join him, but on arriving in the village he found that he had fled, but his son was there. The son came out along the road a considerable distance to meet Yang, received him very graciously and put everything in the village at his disposal. Quarters were found for all the men and anything that the village could provide was forthcoming.

I learned later that this place suffered greatly at the hands of the soldiers after we had gone.

The next day was to be market day, but many people from the surrounding country were greatly afraid and were not coming. However, Yang sent out word that no one would be molested and that all articles would be paid for. Quite a few people came on this assurance and, to his credit, there was very little looting. One man brought pears and everybody wanted them. As a consequence, everybody made a dive and got what he could, and in less than a minute his basket was empty, and he hadn't received a cent. A few minutes later Yang passed along and the man said to him, "You promised us that there would be no looting, and now I have lost all that I had." Yang asked him what he had and when he told him pears, he asked how much they were

apiece, and about how many he had. Yang calculated as to about what the amount would be and gave him twice that much. The man was very glad that he had been looted.

That afternoon we were told that we were going on and we all started up the mountain. We had only gone about two miles when we came to a fine level spot between two mountains and there we stopped. We stayed there all afternoon and night and until late in the following afternoon; Yang himself was not there. On inquiry the men said that he had gone to the river to see if the ferries could be captured for crossing.

Late that afternoon a man came hurrying up from the village and handed me a letter with the instruction that if there was any answer I should write it at once. It was from Mrs. Shelton and she stated that she had sent Shensi, our cook, with letters, in the hope that he might be able to get through, as several others had failed.

I asked where the messenger was. They said that he had not been able to come but had hired a man to bring the letter. Mrs. Shelton stated in the letter that she was losing hope, but that the girls were perfectly confident. I asked that I might be allowed to go down to the village and see the man who had come. This they refused. I therefore hastily wrote an answer and gave it to the man.

We spent another night in this gully, protecting ourselves as best we could from the wind. Early the next morning my mule was saddled and Captain Gnan informed me that Yang had sent up word that I was to come down to the village. I went, not knowing what might be the occasion. On riding in I saw a man lying on a manure pile apparently dead, his face covered with a handkerchief. I asked who it was and they replied, "A spy." On walking into the building where Yang

was quartered I was met by Shensi. He gave me one long look, seized my hand and broke down. Yang said to him, "Don't do that now. You'll make Dr. Shelton feel bad." We spent an hour or so talking. I wrote another letter to Mrs. Shelton, stating that I had seen Shensi and asking her not to send him any more, as it was extremely dangerous attempting this kind of thing.

I had been brought down for the purpose of identifying him. If he were my cook, as he claimed he was, he was not to be molested. If not, he would probably have been killed. His companion, a man whom he had hired to show him the road, as he was totally unacquainted with this part of the country, was the man I had seen lying on the manure pile. He had been tied up between two posts and beaten until unconscious and thrown there. Shensi had not been allowed to see him. Yang informed Shensi that he would be allowed to go, but the other man could not, as he was a spy sent by the military. After an hour or two, however, Yang consented to our combined entreaty that he be allowed to accompany Shensi back, as Shensi was utterly unable to understand the talk of the tribes of people among whom we were and would be unable to secure food and transportation. It was finally agreed that he should go. He was, however, unable to walk, and Yang secured two mules with an order from the tusi that they should be replaced at the next village by other animals, and so they set off on their return journey.

Yang's wife, mother and son had again disappeared. It seemed he had not been able to capture the ferries. He therefore started on east and kept going for some days.

I was rapidly nearing the end of my strength. I had taken advantage of Shensi's going to send out, with

Yangtienfu's consent, the little volume containing my diary up to this time. This would give Mrs. Shelton a day-by-day account of what had taken place. I also sent with him a small camera which had been in my saddle-bags with which I had taken eight or ten pictures. This camera at first had been a source of great amusement to these people. They wanted to know what it was and how it worked, etc. Several had wanted to have their pictures taken and I had taken them. They immediately wanted to see them. I tried to explain to them that it was necessary that the film be washed in the dark with certain medicines, but it was no use. They were determined to see the inside of it and the film. I took it out and they, seeing that the film was perfectly white and that there was no picture thereon, seemed to lose interest in the matter entirely, and I was thus enabled to preserve the one other film I had possessed after the pictures had been taken.

The soldiers were following us as reports were constantly coming in. It was also ascertained that others were being sent. Shensi had brought word that the United States Government was at last sending a man through to look into the matter. Up to this time I had felt that practically no interest had been taken in my fate by the authorities in Washington. I was somewhat cheered by the fact that at last some one was coming, but could not understand why it had taken nearly two months for them to act, and doubted very much their ability to arrange things in the present state of affairs. However, I was utterly helpless and could do nothing but simply wait.

Three days out from this place we began, a few at a time, to turn to the right, while the main body kept on. This was for the purpose of misleading the soldiers.

Fifty men were sent on ahead to make a trail which the soldiers could easily follow while the main body turned off at right angles to the course we had been pursuing. That night these men came across the long side of the triangle and joined us at a predetermined place.

We waited there the next day until word came that the soldiers were coming along the opposite ridge. The men spent the time using my glasses and watching the soldiers following the wrong trail.

It was there that I became unable to further stay on my mule. When I would be lifted up I simply crumpled up and rolled off. The band tied two poles together and put me on them and drafted four men of the village to carry me, which they did all day long on the backward trail.

The second day, after spending the night in a very wild part of the mountains, we crossed the trail of the soldiers, turned again north toward Fanchow. I was in a very miserable condition now, but one day later we were allowed to rest for some hours on the top of a mountain. They were making for Fanchow but word came that a force of soldiers was also coming out from there.

In the village where we stopped that afternoon were some fine young chickens. I saw people making corn bread. I had eaten rice and the fat pork that they provided for so long a time that it seemed impossible for me to swallow another grain. I was very weak but managed to crawl out and through one of the men who understood the tribe's talk, succeeded in buying a young chicken. I got some fat meat fried out, used the grease and fried the chicken, and then made a little corn bread with salt and water. I felt as if I could eat the whole chicken. But when it came to the trial, although it was very good, I was able to eat very little. I tied the rest

up in a handkerchief, which I washed for the purpose, and put it into one of my large pockets.

Just at night time word came that another band of soldiers was coming from another direction. According to reports we were being surrounded. It was said that there were more than two thousand soldiers on the field. Things looked serious, and at ten o'clock we were on the road again.

We went on all that night and going down a very steep mountainside, but immediately after daylight we started up another.

I was being carried by men drafted from the villages through which we passed. They were having an awful time, as was I. I was sometimes almost standing on my head as we went up.

We went on all the next day without rest and toward evening soldiers were seen in the distance, and we were compelled to turn down into another very steep valley.

We went on and on until about three o'clock in the morning and then the band decided at the village through which we were going that I was not worth carrying further and that I should be left behind.

XXXII

DROPPED

I WAS taken to an old barn and put up in the loft. This loft was only about three and one-half feet high and was filled with rice straw. In this straw they dug a hole leading clear to the back end and in there they hollowed out a place sufficiently large for a man to lie in, and in this they put me, with four men from the village to care for me. Three of these were tribesmen whose language I could not understand; the headman was a Chinaman.

The instructions to these men, I afterward learned, were that, in the event of my death, I should be disposed of secretly; but should I recover sufficiently to be able to travel again, Yangtienfu was to be informed, and he would return and get me.

I lay in this hole in the straw for five days and nights, and in all my life I think that this was the most grateful experience, just to be able to lie still and not have to go on and on and on. I removed my clothes for the first time in many days and, a day or two later, when I was a little rested, I secured a pan of hot water through the kindness of the Chinaman and took a bath as best I could.

This Chinaman came to me the second night, I think, with a proposition that he go to the China Inland Mission stationed a day's journey away and see if they would send some one to get me, inquiring if I had enough money to hire a man for the purpose. I had still about

ten or twelve dollars which had not been taken when I was dropped.

When he was departing Captain Gnan had come in and held my hand for a time and said that I should comfort my heart and not be worried, as they would come back in a few days and get me. He was weeping when they left.

The boy who had taken care of my mule also came and, kneeling down at my side, cried and asked me to pray for him.

When the band left they took everything of which I was possessed; my mule, to whom I owed my life over and over again, my saddle, gun, glasses, etc. I still had this little more than ten dollars, and I grasped this straw and told the man that I had money to pay for being taken to the mission station and asked why they could not get men here to take me there. I was unable to walk, but pointed out that I could be carried on poles, as I had been the last several days. He told me to leave it to him and he would see what could be done.

I readily gave the man the money and didn't see him again for two days. On seeing him again I upbraided him for his treatment. He replied that he had been to the China Inland Mission station to see what could be done but when he got there he found that Yangtienfu had been there before him, and that now the two men of the station were his prisoners. I doubted whether or not this was true, but found out later that it was.

These two Englishmen, however, were in home country and were acquainted with all the surrounding villages, many of which they had been in and had converts and were thus enabled to escape very quickly, one being in captivity only one day and night, the other escaping within the week.

I was in such pain that I had to take opium three times during the five days that I lay in the straw and in quite large doses. I procured this opium and had taken it once before I had been dropped. I tried to get it from Captain Gnan, but he had refused to let me have it, fearing that I intended to commit suicide. I had gone then directly to Yangtienfu and he procured for me an ounce.

Hundreds and hundreds of acres in this country were in opium this last year, put in and cultivated at the instance of Yangtienfu, who had promised the people protection from the Government troops. Opium had formerly been six to nine dollars an ounce at harvest time; now it was only fifty cents an ounce.

I have just received letters from China stating that Yang is still at large and is now demanding and collecting a tax from these people for having protected them, so that they are in worse condition with the low price of opium and his tax than they would have been had they planted other crops.

The Chinaman returned to me the ten dollars, thinking that he would eventually get it anyhow. It appeared to me at the time as if all the plans of my life had been wrecked. I had had such high hopes of accomplishing something, and now, if I were to wind up in this out-of-the-way corner of the Empire, my life would more or less have been in vain. One verse of Scripture kept constantly recurring to my mind. It was this: "For unto you it is given not only to believe on him, but also to suffer with him." I had made one great mistake, which I will never make again, and that is, I had with me only a New Testament. It should have been the whole Bible, and if ever taken again I will not be without the consolation of the Psalms. Some one has said that he who carries his temple about with him can go to prayer

when he pleases, with Moses in the wilderness, with Daniel in the lions' den, with Jonah in the fish's belly, with Paul in prison, or with Jesus on the mountain or on the cross, and the seeker after God will find, wherever he may be, that that place is none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven. This is true.

The morning of the sixth day the Chinaman came in and said, "I believe that you are able to travel again, and your being here greatly endangers the whole village, for if the soldiers ever find that you are here they will destroy it. So I am going to call Yangtienfu to come and get you again, for we cannot have you here longer." And he started off.

That afternoon about four o'clock an old man who had been there helping him gather opium, an old Chinaman, between seventy and eighty, came crawling back through the hole in the straw, crying bitterly. I said to him, "What is the matter?" "Oh," he said, "the soldiers are coming." "Well," I replied, "that is nothing to cry about." "Oh," he said, "that is all right for you, but I'm the first man whose head they will cut off." I told him that he should not be alarmed, because he had been good to me and was in no way to blame for my plight, and that I would do all in my power to help him should the soldiers come.

The rumour that the soldiers were coming was sufficient to frighten the whole village, and within a few minutes they had all fled to the mountains, taking such personal belongings as they were able to carry, and the village was deserted. We waited for more than an hour and yet no soldiers came. The rumour was false.

But there was coming through that afternoon a minor official travelling with only one servant, who was on his

way to investigate the looting of the China Inland Mission mentioned before.

When he arrived in the village, with the help of the old man, I crawled out to meet him. He was greatly astonished at finding that I was there. The authorities had been using every effort for more than two months to secure my release, and here I now was in his hands, without any effort on his part whatever.

XXXIII

ESCAPE

WITH the help of his servant I was able to walk on to the next village, which was distant only between a quarter and a half a mile, where he procured for me eight men who were to help me over the mountains to the mission station. They had no method of conveyance at all nor could they arrange one, so twisting together a rope from hemp, I got hold of the middle and, with them pulling, we started up the mountain. In this way I was able to walk for three hours.

We had started between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. At the end of three hours I was in such condition that I could no longer stand. When I was lifted to my feet my legs would give way and down I would go. We had, however, reached the first Christian village and, though we could not understand a single word of the language spoken, the fact that we were in a Christian village meant more to me than anything had previously. Not only eight men came out to see me on my way, but the whole village, men, women, and children.

One old lady would hardly let go of my hand and kept holding and holding. I was offered food in great abundance, but could eat very little.

Being unable to walk and having no method of conveyance, two of the huskiest men came, one on each side,

and with their shoulders together they lifted me up, and I was able to wiggle my legs, and away we went.

We went on and on through the night. It seemed as if we would never reach the mission station, but at last, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, we arrived only to find that the people, having seen us coming (we were a great torchlight procession), had fled, leaving in charge only one old man and one old woman. They were told who I was and I asked for assistance. They were plainly incredulous and refused to believe that I was Dr. Shelton. Through a man who could speak a little Chinese they said, "We have been praying for Dr. Shelton for over two months, but this is not he."

My whiskers are somewhat of the Bolsheviki type. I had had no razor, and they were greatly frightened. They said, "This man is some Russian or a Frenchman, for Americans don't have whiskers like these." Finally I was able to persuade them that I was Dr. Shelton, and they sent to the mountains and called back those who nad fled.

They brought with them two small ponies which I was to ride and, by half-past four in the morning, we were ready to be gone again. My escort from this place on were the eleven elders and deacons of the church, all being in readiness for the journey. I said to one of them, "Well, if everything's ready, let's go." He said, "We're not quite ready yet. We always pray before we start," and, standing there in the cold at half-past four on that March morning, he called on the oldest man to lead in prayer, and, though I could understand no word of what he said, I never listened to a prayer that went nearer home.

Being put on one small pony with one man on either side to steady me and one leading my horse, we were off.

I would ride one pony for a while and then another. There were four men who went on ahead watching the road, and three or four behind; for it was now more than eighteen hours since Yangtienfu had been called and it was no telling at what moment he might appear. So we went on and on and on without rest. It seemed as if I was like Tennyson's brook, and would go on forever; but after nearly twenty hours of continuous travelling we reached Yenmo, where there was a magistrate and soldiers, and I was safe.

There I met Mr. and Mrs. Gowman. Mr. Gowman was one of the men who had been taken from the station and had escaped the first night out. They had suffered the loss of all things but were exceedingly glad that Mr. Gowman had been able to escape. They were utterly dumbfounded when I went into the yard and Mr. Gowman could only say, "Thank God! thank God!"

There was a telegraph office there and I immediately sent word to Mrs. Shelton that I was free at last. The Governor also was quickly informed, and he immediately sent instructions that I was to be sent on without any delay whatever, under the escort of a hundred men, to meet an escort of two hundred which he was sending out.

It was there that I first learned from Mr. Gowman of the rescue party that had been organized by Colonel Drysdale, who had been sent by the United States Government to see if, in any way, my release could be effected. I learned that the outposts of this party were at Uting, some four days toward the capital. They were also quickly informed of my escape, and the magistrate, with heavy escort, started that same afternoon to meet their party.

Mr. and Mrs. Gowman, though comparatively safe in this place, knew not how long it might be before they

would be able to return to their station, and decided to go to the capital also.

By the time everything was arranged it was too late to start that night; so arrangements were made to start the next morning. We travelled all day and the men were constantly on the lookout for any signs of Yangtienfu. He had, two days before, fought a battle with them at a plain near Yenmo, and it was feared that he was coming back to try to capture the place.

That night we stopped at a small village, sleeping on the floor, but provided with some bedding through the kindness of the Yenmo official.

I had regretted very much on leaving Yenmo, parting with the elders and deacons who had escorted me thus far. But their homes and their interests were all back in the mission station to which they must go unprotected from Yangtienfu and his band.

This first night the pain was again so great that I had to take opium.

XXXIV

HOME AGAIN

DURING the night strict watch was kept because it was feared that Yangtienfu might decide to take the whole group, soldiers and all, as it was a very great temptation should he be in the vicinity and a very good opportunity to secure arms and ammunition. Nothing occurred, however, and the next morning we were off again.

During the day we met an additional company of five hundred soldiers who were a part of those who had been trying to surround him for days before I was dropped. The fact of the matter is that the soldiers have no very great incentive to apprehend him. They are fighting for about twenty cents a day. He and his band are fighting for their lives.

That day, while coming around the pass of a small mountain, I could see across a small valley two hundred soldiers drawn up in the little village waiting to receive us. There was a man out in front of the soldiers walking up and down who appeared to be dressed in American clothes. It was Dr. Osgood. He had been sent some two thousand miles by our Central China Mission to see if he could assist in any way. Neither one of us said a word. We simply clasped hands; that was all. From that time on I was taken care of as if I were a baby, which, in reality, I was.

The old magistrate of Uting, who was in command of

this party, was very gracious and very kind. He is one of the magistrates of the old school, and is very efficient. He certainly knows how to handle Chinese, and the string of vilification and abuse he would pour forth upon the head of some delinquent attendant would have made the members of Yangtienfu's band turn green with envy.

He had brought out sedan chairs in abundance and here I was provided with a comfortable conveyance at last. He also provided one for Mrs. Gowman; but I envied Mr. Gowman his horse.

That night we reached Long Gai, near where the first battle had been fought. On coming into the place I was reinstated in the room which I had formerly occupied, but under what different conditions!

My feet had been on the ground for some time, the soles of my shoes having worn entirely through. Dr. Osgood, opening his grip, insisted on supplying me with a pair of shoes, for which I was very grateful. I already had Gowman's underclothes on. Yangtienfu had given me a pair of socks, now I got Osgood's shoes, a little later I got Thornton's shirt, and, with something from Smith, I was almost complete, and was the only original, genuine composite. On arriving at Long Gai there were more folks with sore eyes who wanted to be attended to, but Dr. Osgood took them over, as well as all other ailing folk, and I was not permitted to take care of any.

In this, as in everything else, Dr. Osgood relieved me of all care or anxiety in every way. He insisted on me having my food in bed and in other ways protected me all along the road.

The next day, after a very long journey, we were nearing Uting. About a mile out from the place I was met by a young man who introduced himself as Thornton.

He is the Standard Oil Company's representative in Yunnanfu, a big, full-blooded American and very efficient. Smith had not come out, as he was not feeling well. Mr. Smith was the Far Eastern representative of the *Chicago Tribune*, and had joined Dr. Osgood in Shanghai when Osgood was starting on the journey. Mr. Smith was afterward very ill with fever and at one time his life was despaired of. The kindness shown by all these men, Osgood, Thornton, and Smith, I can never repay.

I was starving to death for something made of wheat. I had eaten rice until it seemed impossible to eat any more. When I arrived in Uting Smith had a box of crackers, but ten minutes later he didn't have them. Connection was made at once by Thornton on the telephone with the capital, and Colonel Drysdale and Mrs. Shelton were informed of our arrival.

Letters were also awaiting me. It appeared as if I were almost home. I talked for a few minutes with Mrs. Shelton over the 'phone. She had heard through Shensi of my whiskers. One of her requests was that they be disposed of at once; so by the help of Osgood's scissors and Thornton's razor, I was again transformed from Bolsheviki into an American.

The Uting magistrate was very insistent that we spend two or three days with him and celebrate. This, however, we very courteously declined, insisting that it would be necessary to go on the next morning. The people worked almost all night dismantling the rooms they had occupied, taking down telephones and packing up; and at a fairly early hour, under command of the old magistrate, who still insisted on accompanying us into the capital, and with a heavy guard of soldiers, we were off again. It had been decided that in order to

make the journey in two days we should travel a part of the night, which we did, arriving at our stopping-place at about midnight, where the magistrate, who had heard of our coming, had prepared a great feast. I was so incapacitated, however, that I was at once put to bed by Dr. Osgood. The rest of the men were of a similar mind and would have much preferred going to bed also, but the feast had to be eaten and it was more than two o'clock in the morning before they finished.

After some little delay the next morning, we were off again. About four o'clock in the afternoon we topped the last pass and could look down into the great plain and in the distance see the great lake, on whose shore Yunnanfu is situated. Not far below the pass, which is some four or five miles from town, we began to meet different members of the community coming out to meet us. We stopped in a small village some three miles from the city to rest for a few minutes before going on in.

It was while sitting in the back of a little tea shop that I was suddenly aware of some one standing by my side. He put his hand on mine and then there was a great burst of sobbing; he lowered his head on the table and cried on and on. It was Drashi, one of our Tibetan boys, who had come with us from Batang.

Going on a little farther we kept meeting more and more people, and amongst them were Doris and Dorothy. Doris had outrun Dorothy, and when she saw me she came running, waving her hands, and her first words were, "Oh, Papa, God does answer prayer, doesn't He?" I replied, "Of course He does."

All human agencies had failed, and it was only in answer to the prayers of the many friends that I was preserved.

A little further along came Dorothy and Andru.

Andru was crying too. They said that they had feared that they would never see me again.

Again I met a company of twelve people, only one of whom I had ever seen before. After shaking hands with them, as I was carried on, they started a hymn of thanksgiving. A half-hour later I was carried into the French hospital where Mrs. Shelton had gone to prepare for me. She was waiting in the courtyard, and Dr. Osgood went on in so as not to witness our meeting.

The next morning Dr. Velette, of the French Consular Hospital, assisted by Dr. Osgood and Dr. Bradley, performed an operation on my neck. Not deeming it advisable to entirely remove the growth, they took out only a part. The next nine days were spent recuperating in the hospital. Within a day or two I was able to see my friends.

Shortly, in order that they might be with me, the girls were allowed to come and take their meals in the hospital. Mrs. Shelton had been permitted to room there from the first.

I improved quite rapidly and hoped that I would be able to return to Batang. Dr. Osgood and the other doctors were very insistent that I go on to America. I protested quite vigorously to Dr. Osgood on this matter, especially as to the disarrangement of all my plans for going into the interior. He administered what was perhaps a much needed rebuke when he said, "You don't seem to think that the Lord can perhaps manage things as well as you can."

During my stay there I had also the privilege of seeing again Father Bailly, who came to visit me.

To Father Bailly of the French Catholic Mission; to Mr. Nagadir, the French Consul; to Colonel Drysdale, of the United States Army, Military Attaché at Peking;

to Dr. Osgood, of the Central China Christian Mission; to Mr. Smith, the Far Eastern representative of the *Chicago Tribune,* and to the whole host of friends who so kindly assisted Mrs. Shelton and the children in Yunnanfu, and to the great number of people who used their best efforts in America to secure my release, I wish to make grateful acknowledgment. I do not even know who all of them were; I am constantly hearing of new ones. Will they, too, please accept my grateful thanks?

After nine days' stay in Yunnanfu we were again on our way, this time by train. Dr. Osgood very graciously made all arrangements and cared for us all. He had so much to attend to that Doris named him "Patience and Long-suffering." He stayed with us until we reached Hong-kong and, as it appeared as if we might have to wait there for a considerable length of time before being able to secure passage home, he went on.

We were very fortunate, however, in securing passage by the next boat, as a cabin was vacated at the last minute, and on April 26th, once more a united family, we were again on American soil.

Letters and telegrams of sympathy and congratulation poured in upon us from all parts of the country. Going at once to Rochester, Minnesota, I underwent a second operation, with the complete removal of the growth in my neck.

From Rochester we went almost immediately to the home of my father and mother at Enid, Oklahoma, and the long journey was done.

XXXV

COME ON!

THE long fight for Tibet has continued for many decades and will be carried on and on until at last it is His.

Lying there in the heart of Asia, self-satisfied, held in by the greatest mountains on earth, not knowing nor wanting to know what is outside, the Tibetans have rested for hundreds of years in the firm belief that theirs is the country of perfection. They are now beginning to wake up and to realize that other folk have contributions to make to their welfare.

The opportunity now is such as it has never been before. The feeling toward Westerners is far more kindly than it has ever been.

There is an opportunity for any young man to utilize all the abilities with which he has been blessed in meeting the problems that he will have to solve; and he will find use for others which he has not.

Let no young man think that it was a mistake that he should bury his particularly fine abilities in mission work in Asia; for it requires in the service of the Kingdom of God just as high an order of intelligence, just as great concentration, just as fine tact, and just as much "punch" as are required to run any great business concern. Come on, young men, and let's help to make the last nation on earth a part of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

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